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ON THE WRITINGS AND GENIUS OF DELTA.

THE purity and chastity of the public taste are now in a peculiar degree dependent on the character of our periodical literature. The universality of education, and the acquisition of languages, have operated wonderfully in promoting the conception and birth of ideas. Living truly, as we do, under what we formerly styled the "democracy of letters," any single model, even of Addisonian perfection, must exercise but a very limited rule; and the people, of consequence, may now be said to form their own taste, with as much propriety as they are often said to enact their own laws. The present state of letters tends obviously to bring into action a mass of varied and diversified materials; and considering the necessary want of individuality in the impression produced, we might well conceive the public mind to possess less of that nice tone of simplicity of feeling which would characterize it in an earlier era of our history. An artificial and rapid style, both of thought and expression, is the point to which we are now tending, if those who are sailing with the current might be allowed to form an opinion as to its course. It is, however, unquestionably in our periodical literature that this evil appears most predominant, where persons write on subjects without ideas; and some, even without a subject at all, are necessitated to indite "words of sound and fury, signifying nothing." The effect of such writing on the public taste is in no

small degree increased by the versatility of the age.

In these circumstances, it will not be a useless task for us to bring occasionally before our readers some of those writers of talent and acquirement, who still continue to exercise a beneficial influence on the public mind by their labors in the valuable vineyard of our periodical literature, and who now must be styled the "exclusives" in literary society. To begin with Delta—we are sure our readers will concur with us in thinking few have contributed more laboriously and successfully to sustain the character of the periodical literature of Scotland.

It need scarcely now be said, that DAVID MACBETH MOIR stands pretty generally identified, in the eyes of the public, as the poet who has so long assumed the *nomme-de-guerre* of Delta. Notwithstanding, however, the literary reputation of Delta, owing to various causes—and to none more than the unassuming character of his own mind—Mr. Moir, in his personal history, is perhaps less known than almost any other writer, of similar acquirements, of the day. Previous to analyzing the character of his mind and genius, our readers will therefore permit us to give a brief and rapid statement of his life, and a flying summary of a few of the many productions of his pen, noticing particularly those anonymous writings which in our estimation have proceeded from it.

Mr. Moir was born at Musselburgh,

(Scotland,) and at the seminary there, in which Logan the poet was schooled, he received all the preliminary branches of education. Having determined to prosecute the medical profession, he entered into indentures with a surgeon, and continued to reside there for some time, after which he removed to Edinburgh to complete his studies, and received his diploma at the early age of 18. Mr. Moir's views were originally turned to the medical department of the army, but the important events of the year 1815 modified considerably his prospects. The result was, his retirement about this time to his native place, to which circumstance we are no doubt indebted for many of those graceful effusions which soon after brought him before the literary world. There Mr. Moir still continues to reside, and amid the more urgent claims of his profession, the public are in some degree, though not fully, aware of the extent to which he has labored in other pursuits. About the year 1820, Mr. Moir formed a partnership at Musselburgh with Dr. Brown, a gentleman known by his authorship of a Treatise on Vaccination, which did not suit altogether the palate of the Edinburgh reviewers. Some months ago, we are happy to say, Mr. Moir became a party to another promising contract, of a much more interesting and tender description.

Mr. Moir's literary career is generally supposed to take its date from a letter relative to the late Dr. Gordon, one of the first and most zealous Anti-Spurzheimites, which was published in Blackwood some time after his decease. It is true, that on this occasion *Delta* first came before the public; but long before this time, a maiden volume of Mr. Moir's poems had come anonymously from the press, which, however, we believe received little notice at the time. It is in the "Mossey Seat," and other pieces which appeared in Constable's Magazine so early as 1816, that Mr. Moir seems first to draw upon that nice vein of

poetical sensibility, from the full workings of which he afterwards so highly enriched the pages of Blackwood. These pieces, which give ample prediction of the future *Delta*, were chiefly written when the author was about 17 or 18 years of age. In 1819 *Delta* made his appearance, and was duly prized by the conductors of Blackwood; and since that time we need not say he may be styled the poet—"the pyramidal bard," to use North's phrase)—of that able and singular publication,—at least of all that is tender and beautiful. Mr. Moir contributed also largely in the different departments of Criticism and Belles Lettres. We shall not here speak of the merits of these contributions. The high character of the pages they adorned was a great security for their excellence; and it would be impossible to give them anything like individual notice, from their number and variety. In regard to the first, suffice it at this stage of our paper to say, that when they respectively appeared, they were charitably affiliated on many of the first writers of the age. In regard to the latter, we refer our readers to the first verses under the signature of *Delta*, "Emma; a Tale," "The Cot in the Glen," "Remembered Beauty," "Sabbath Noon," the "Silent Eve," "Female Decay," &c. in all of which they will discover a gentle radiance of thought, and half-pensive sensibility of mind delighting in stillness and repose. Mr. Moir's prose contributions were numerous, and it is not to be expected that we either could or would bring them all before our readers; but we do not think we shall be guilty of any inaccuracy if we say that "Critics and Criticism," "On the Diversity of Genius," "The Spring Morning's Walk," and latterly the "Gipsy of Debreztzin," a Hungarian Tale, of little incident, but much beautiful simplicity, with "The Shaving Shop,"* a lively, but rather extravagant sketch, claim Mr. Moir as their author.

* See *Athenaeum*, Vol. I, 3d Series, page 352.

Hitherto Mr. Moir had successfully directed his talents to almost only one department of mind—that of poetry and criticism. It was not a little astonishing to find his success in another fully established by the reception of a work of humor. The grave, solemn, and repressed humor (if we may use such expression), and the inimitable *naïveté* of idea and expression* to be found in the "Eating of the Segars," the portrait of "Cursecowl," "Volunteering," "The Bloody Business," (otherwise the bloody *cartridge*), and the "First and Last Play," all combined to render the "Autobiography of Mansie Wauch" one of the most, of the many, able and popular papers that have appeared in Blackwood. The story of "Puggie Puggie," subsequently to be found there, can also, we think, be laid to the charge of nobody but Mr. Moir. It may form an excellent supplementary sketch of "Cursecowl in his killing claiaths—his face red as fire, and his pouch full of bloody knives buckled to his side."†

In 1825 the "Legend" made its appearance, with other poems—many of which were, however, extracted from the pages of *Ebony*. In the "Janus," published in the end of that year, two papers were contributed by Mr. Moir, "Daniel Cathie, Tobacconist," and "A Saturday Night in the Manse;" the first containing an account of the loves of "Miss Jenny Drybones, a tall spinster," of a *certain* age, and of a fat, fair, and forty widow, "Mrs. Martha Bouncer;" the second being a *jeu d'esprit* anent the Rev. Mr. Shaveall. The Editor of the London Literary Gazette, at the time of the appearance of these sketches, represented them to be from the pen of a Blackwood contributor; but we believe we are the first to bring them home to Mr. Moir. In 1827, at the suggestion of his friend John Galt,

Mr. Moir wrote a musical drama, "Chatelar," in three acts, which is still unpublished. A few lines from it, entitled "a Song from an unpublished Opera," appeared in the *Forget-Me-Not* for 1828. The peculiar character of Mr. Moir's mind might, we think, well qualify him for excelling in such a sphere of writing; and, therefore, we hope this drama will not long be allowed to lie in his repositories. In the mean time, through the kindness of a mutual friend, we are happy to have it in our power to present our readers with a specimen of Chatelar in the following passage, from the second act:—

CHATELAR—*Solus.*

Now have I escaped this bustle; it oppresses
My spirit like a vast o'erwhelming weight;
Vain—wilder'd—frantic mortal, would to
heaven

That I had ne'er been born, or never seen her!
My thoughts are all at war with one another;
And seldom, never comes the balm of sleep
To my oppressed eyelids. Woo is me!
That woman's love should melt a man of war
To feebleness; and beauty's snaky eye
Enchain and fascinate the powers of action!
Life then is nought, and death I hold as gain;
Passion hath driven me desperate. I'll dare
What shall obtain me ruin, or possession.
Oh! had it but been otherwise: Oh! had
Propitious nature but so smiled on us
That equal in estate we both had been;
Then each had happier proved—thou in my
love,

And I in loving thee; such as before
Never was woman doated on: As it is,
Those in thy high estate are far too high
For happiness, which dwells with calm content
In lower homes; but, instead, some mocking
smiles,

And lip-deep courtesy. In my humbler one,
I dare not look up to thee with eyes of hope;
Yet I feed upon the poison of thy beauty,
And nurse the desperate passion which consumes me.

Sure that's a woman's voice!

(*Voice without.*)

When clouds come o'er the soul,
And heaven and earth are dark around,
When lowering tempests roll,
And joy's bright buds bestrew the ground,
In thee I find my solace ever—
Forsake—forget thee! Never, never!

Oh! think upon the days,
The vanished days of many a year!

* The strong resemblance, in this respect, between the "Autobiography of Mansie Wauch" and "My Landlady and her Lodgers," led us, in the Preface to the last volume of the *Athenæum*, to attribute both these humorous productions to the same author. Mr. Moir, it will be seen above, is the writer of "Mansie Wauch," and the stories of "My Landlady" are from the pen of John Galt, Esq. the author of the new novel called "Lawrie Todd."

† The chapters of this celebrated "Autobiography" may be found scattered through most of the volumes of the second series of the *Athenæum*.

And can the vision raise

No dear, sweet thoughts that claim a tear ?

As recollection fondly measures

The footsteps of departed pleasures !

Is love a meteor chase—

A light that sparkles and is o'er—

That thus our dwelling-place

Re-echoes to thy voice no more ?

Can hearts once soldered ever sever ?

Oh, I'll forget thee, never, never ! !

'Tis a sweet voice, a soothing song, methinks,
Sent by all-pitying Heaven to fall like dew
On my parch'd bosom: blessings on thee,
minstrel,

Not the less blessed, because unseen, unknown.

Mr. Galt and Mr. Moir, we believe, had in contemplation the composition of an opera on a Russian subject, of which the former was to write the dialogue, and the latter the songs. Mr. Galt's call to America, we are sorry to say, prevented the project being carried into execution.

We have thus given a flying and condensed statement of the more prominent of Mr. Moir's writings known to us. It does not of course refer to any of those memoirs and biographies—or to any of those Critical Essays, which have come before the public in various shapes.

The first characteristic of the genius of Mr. Moir, demanding our notice, is its uncommon versatility. We have to regard him in the three capacities of a poet, a critic, and a humorist. The circumstance of the author of "John Gilpin" being the author of the "Task," was, on no slender reasons, considered almost a literary phenomenon. These reasons, however, related rather to the moral sombreness of Cowper's mind, as out of all congruity with the play of thought which irradiated it in "Gilpin," than to the circumstance of the "Task" not displaying that activity of thought and appreciation of incidents requisite to delineate the exploits of the "citizen." It is more singular, that a mind such as Mr. Moir's, exhibiting a peculiar degree of *passive* tenderness and susceptibility in his poetry, should rouse itself from its state of inactive meditation, and display such a vigorous power of combination of incidents, as would construct the grotesque portrait of life in the "Tailor of Dalkeith."

In the one case, we find him reclining in Elysian shades, in passive quietude, holding communion with the gentleness and beauty of nature: in the other, we observe him bustling among the crowds of a peopled region, constructing artificial sources of enjoyment.

As a poet, Mr. Moir is principally to be noted for his nice susceptibility of impression. He appears to us neither to possess uncommon energy or depth of thought, nor great power of expression. His mind may be compared to the flower that opens its leaves to the sun, but can ill withstand the brumal breeze. His pictures display more elegant simplicity and tenderness, than high-wrought beauty. He is more disposed to give you an untarnished natural form, like the mirror, than, like the prism, to throw around it an intermingling variety of hue and coloring. In regard to other writers, the Lake School might in some respects claim him for a disciple. To Wilson, for instance, he bears considerable resemblance in the tone, if not in the intensity, of his feelings. He emulates him in the poetical purity, but not in the rich mellowness, of his imagery. Wilson's mind, indeed (as Delta well remarks), flows in true inspiration—

Right onwards like a noble river.

Delta's mind might with more propriety be likened to the same river ere it has gathered the full compass of its waters. In the one, you are impressed with more natural softness; in the other, with more exuberant energy. The personages of Delta, of course, (excepting perhaps the Baron in Genevieve,) exhibit none of the active energies of those of Scott. His poetry is conversant with man rather as a being possessed of moral and mental emotions, than of powers of action. Though he is thus less physical than Scott, he is also less metaphysical than Wordsworth. Like him, he draws largely on the quiet repose of rural life, and domestic affection; but then he represents his personages with all the passions of humanity, generically,

and seldom, like Wordsworth for instance, as "orphans seven years old," in their social character specifically. The one is more the poet of nature generally, whether externally abroad, or internally in the first impulses of affection. The other is more conversant with those feelings and affections that are the result of particular situations in human life. Delta, in general, gives us the expression of the *impression*—not of the event or subject of it.

The following lines, however, strike us as being a good deal after the Wordsworthian style.

Oh! who could paint young Genevieve,
The aged baron's only child!
Upon that countenance believe,
Or if she sighed, or if she smiled.
Unspeaking eloquence reposed
Like dew on flowers by evening closed.

Wordsworth speaks of *poetical* as distinguished from *human* sensibility. Delta's poetry, to a considerable extent, gives evidence of the former; Wordsworth's breathes a spirit replete with both, so that our fancy is not only pleased, but our moral sympathy excited.—In the construction of Delta's scenery, he is more to be noted for simplicity than luxuriance—far more for the accurate perception, than combination of incidents. From the minuteness of the objects he throws into the canvass, his pictures may want unity of design and energy as a whole, but they are always beautiful in their parts. Thus the legend of Genevieve as a piece of poetry is full of natural beauty; but as a narrative it does not claim high merit. Delta never instills into his poetry anything of the odoriferous luxury of Moore, and he seldom attempts, like Byron, to pursue the "vast alone, the wonderful, the wild," unless it be in "The Isle of Despair,"

Desolate,
Beyond the painter's touch, or poet's thought.
But it is, on the other hand, truly characteristic of the aspirations of his mind, that he sighs "for harmony, and grace, and gentlest beauty." The critic of Blackwood, in his notice of the *Souvenir* for 1826, says, in reference to the "Contadina," "Eastlake

has surpassed himself in his picture of all that is most quiet, composed, serene, contented, beauteous, and joyful, in domestic life." We could not perhaps have a better summary, not only of the characteristic merits of the lines that illustrate the engraving, but of Delta's poetry in general. In short, we cannot better impress our idea of the tone and quality of his mind, than by comparing it to a lake studding a beautiful landscape, affording a nice reflection of surrounding objects, and even as it were catching in its mirror a semblance of the very flitting zephyr, or vanishing exhalation of the sky. The throwing of a single pebble, though inaudible to the ear, is sufficient to conjure up an infinite variety of circles, which die away as they spread. You could never compare it to anything like the ocean, giving a sombre emblamature of the cloud and storm. If, therefore, you can never discover in it the shadowy forms of magnitude and distance, it is its rare excellence often to bring before the eye those rapidly evanishing tints and colors, the impress of which another surface might be too rapid to receive.

To illustrate the above general and comparative delineation, can we, for instance, convey to our readers a better idea of the reposing sensibility of Delta's mind, than by quoting the three following lines from *Emma*?

The bugle's sound of peace is faintly heard,
Mournfully pleasing, in a dying strain,
Melodious—melancholy—far away.

The last line, in our opinion, is admirably expressive. A more lively sensation the ear itself could scarcely drink in. Take also the following specimen of his more sprightly versification,—

Resplendent as a summer's day,
When daylight lingers in the west,
To retrospection's sunny eye
The blooming fields of childhood lie,
By fancy's finger drest.
A greener foliage decks the grave,
A brighter tint pervades the flower,
More azure seems the heaven above,
The earth a very bower of love,
And man within that bower.

A general delineation, such as we give above, can only convey the im-

pression of the reader as to the *predominant* character of a poet's mind. The following lines are more mellow, and fuller of richness and vivacity, than the generality of Mr. Moir's poetry; but the beauty they embody, it will be observed, is more that of natural elegance and simplicity than combined or artificial adornment.

Amid the mazy movements of the dance,
Accordant to the muse's finest tone,
Sylph-like she floated, graceful as the swan
Oaring its way athwart a summer lake,
Her step almost as silent.

The following stanzas, from the "Evening Lake," still further illustrate the combined liveliness and simplicity of some of his pictures.

How softly o'er the silver lake
Our little pinnacle glides along,
As if the prow did fear to break
The waveless mirror—all is still
Except the boatman's song.

In the "Hymn to the Moon," and a few similar pieces, which our limits will not permit us to illustrate, the reader will find the mind of Delta assume a bolder and loftier range of thought.

Delta's verse is in general melodious, his expression perspicuous, and his imagery gracefully simple. There is no doubt that "taste and sensibility" are the distinguishing features of his verse, whether applied to the conception or expression. He has himself spoken of the exaggerated images of some of the Lakers. He sometimes, however, lays himself open to the same charge of immoderate comparison; as when he uses the words "waves of oil and winds of balm;" and in "Ellen Forsaken," (though rather beautifully,)

"She grew the very *dream* of what she was."

But this is seldom the case. We cannot disguise, however, on the other hand, that a listlessness of expression is the more common (and perhaps the only) vice in which Delta indulges. For instance, the phrase in the "Unknown Grave," "to impotently herald us," is, we think, rather exceptionable; as also in Genevieve, "with sundered hands;" and the lines,

Of change thy mind no shadow knows,
Thou art superior to its sway,

are prosaically tame with perspicuity.

Our remarks have tended to illustrate the style and temperament of Delta generally. From the odes, elegies, and ballads, in Blackwood's Magazine, we conceive him well qualified to attain excellence in lyrical poetry. On this subject, affording scope for much remark, we will not dilate. Let the following dirge speak for itself. It appears in Blackwood, as read by the Shepherd at the Noctes, and is from the pen of Mr. Moir:

WEEP NOT FOR HER!

Weep not for her! Her span was like the sky,
Whose thousand stars shine beautiful and bright,

Like flowers that know not what it is to die,
Like long linked shadeless months of polar light,

Like music floating o'er a waveless lake,
While echo answers from the flow'ry brake:
Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! She died in early youth,
Ere hope had lost its rich romantic hues,
When human bosoms seem'd the homes of truth,

And earth still gleam'd with beauty's radiant dews.

Her summer prime waned not to days that freeze,

Her *wine* of life was run not to the lees:

Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! By fleet or slow decay

It never grieved her bosom's core to mark

The playmates of her childhood wane away,

Her prospects wither and her hopes grow dark.

Translated by her God with spirit shriven,
She pass'd, as 'twere, on smiles from earth to heaven:

Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! It was not hers to feel

The mis'ries that corrode amassing years,

'Gainst dreams of baffled bliss the heart to steel,

To wander sad down age's vale of tears,

As whirl the wither'd leaves from friendship's tree,

And on earth's wintry wold alone to be:

Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! She is an angel now,

And treads the sapphire floors of Paradise,

All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,

Sin, sorrow, suffering, banish'd from her eyes;

Victorious over death to her appear

The vista'd joys of heaven's eternal year:

Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! Her memory is the shrine
Of pleasant thoughts soft as the scent of flowers,

Calm as on windless eve the sun's decline,

Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers,

Rich as a rainbow with its hues of light,
Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night :
Weep not for her !

Weep not for her ! There is no cause of woe,
But rather nerve the spirit that it walk
Unshrinking o'er the thorny path below,
And from earth's low defilements keep thee
back ;

So when a few fleet swerving years have flown,
She'll meet thee at heaven's gate—and lead
thee on :

Weep not for her !

This dirge is one of Mr. Moir's happiest efforts. It would have stamped him a poet, though he had written nothing else, and indeed deserves an encomium more ardent and expressive than anything our humble pen could indite. The first and penult stanzas, particularly, are not to be excelled.

It has been said that a poet, in the common case, is never a good critic. The maxim may be true to a certain extent, in so far as he does not in general cultivate the faculty of generalizing facts and principles. It is much less true of criticism applied to poetry, in so far as it refers to the comparative character of poets, and not to the principles of taste and poetry in general. A critic (as well as his subject) in this case requires a heart to feel, and a mind to render his feelings cognizable ; and if his author belong to what is technically termed a school, he shows it to be only inasmuch as he portrays a particular class of the features of one great preceptress—nature. The province of a critic, however, in the common acceptation of the term, is different, but of a less noble and artificial kind. Poetry is to criticism, as is the soul to the ear of music. Both Shakspeare and Beattie, we think, specially speak of the *soul* of music ; and the perfection of it,

When the soul trembles on the trembling
string,

is an endowment of a much higher character than the mere capability of the perception and combination of artificial varieties of sound, resulting from however nice an organic struc-

ture. The poet-critic might not, then, in his critical analyses, evince much acuteness of thought or precise comprehension and evolution of first principles on such a subject, for instance, as the Pope controversy of nature and art ; but there is no one, that by leading you into the scenery of Pope's poetry, could give you a better idea of the beauty of his " velvet lawns," and the order and symmetry of his arrangement, and then to make the conception more perfect, all at once carry you into the more varied scenery of Dryden, Byron, or Scott. Such a critic is Mr. Moir. He rather makes you feel the distinctive character of a poet's power, than explains the principles of mind and taste which constitute the lever that he uses. Setting out on the great common of nature, he always shows you the roads into which they variously branch off, if he does not always evolve the motives of their choice ; so that while some approximate nearly by the direction and congeniality of their ideas, others " stand opposed in thought, subject, and execution, as the rocks of Calpe to the shores of Spain."

In speaking of Mr. Moir's critical acumen, we cannot forbear referring our readers again to those essays on the genius of Campbell,* Wordsworth,† Scott,‡ Moore,|| Wilson, and other writers, for ample illustrations of our principle.

In private life, and in the discharge of his professional duties, Mr. Moir's engaging disposition has secured him much esteem. The writer of this article is not within the favored circle of his acquaintance ; but different accounts concur in bearing testimony to the affability of his manners, the vivacity and humor of his conversation, and the benevolence of his heart. Mr. Moir, indeed, without great pretensions to learning and erudition, combines, in no ordinary degree, the qualities of the man of genius, and of the man. The character of Mr. Moir well supports the reputation of Delta.

* See Ath. Vol. 3, 3d Series, page 331.

† Page 30.

‡ Page 49.

|| Page 209.

MY CHRISTMAS DINNER!

It was on the twentieth of December last that I received an invitation from my friend Mr. Phiggins, to dine with him, in Mark-lane, on Christmas-day. I had several reasons for declining this proposition. The first was, that Mr. P. makes it a rule, at all these festivals, to empty the entire contents of his counting-house into his little dining-parlor; and you consequently sit down to dinner with six white-waistcoated clerks, let loose upon a turkey. The second was, that I am not sufficiently well-read in cotton and sugar, to enter with any spirit into the subject of conversation. The third was, and is, that I never drink cape wine. But by far the most prevailing reason remains to be told. I had been anticipating for some days, and was hourly in the hope of receiving, an invitation to spend my Christmas-day in a most irresistible quarter. I was expecting, indeed, the felicity of eating plum-pudding with an angel; and, on the strength of my imaginary engagement, I returned a polite note to Mr. P., reducing him to the necessity of advertising for another candidate for cape and turkey.

The twenty-first came. Another invitation—to dine with a regiment of roast-beef eaters at Clapham. I declined this also, for the above reason, and for one other, *viz.* that, on dining there ten Christmas days ago, it was discovered, on sitting down, that one little accompaniment of the roast-beef had been entirely overlooked. Would it be believed?—but I will not stay to mystify—I merely mention the fact. They had forgotten the horse-radish!

The next day arrived, and with it a neat epistle, sealed with violet-colored wax, from Upper Brook-street. "Dine with the ladies—at home on Christmas day." Very tempting, it is true; but not exactly the letter I was longing for. I began, however, to debate within myself upon the policy of securing this bird in the hand,

instead of waiting for the two that were still hopping about the bush, when the consultation was suddenly brought to a close, by a prophetic view of the portfolio of drawings fresh from the boarding-school—moths and roses on embossed paper;—to say nothing of the album, in which I stood engaged to write an elegy on a Java sparrow, that had been a favorite in the family for three days. I rang for gilt-edged, pleaded a world of polite regret, and again declined.

The twenty-third dawned; time was getting on rather rapidly; but no card came. I began to despair of any more invitations, and to repent of my refusals. Breakfast was hardly over, however, when the servant brought up—not a letter—but an aunt and a brace of cousins from Bayswater. They would listen to no excuse; consanguinity required me, and Christmas was not my own. Now my cousins kept no albums; they are really as pretty as cousins can be; and when violent hands, with white kid gloves, are laid on one, it is sometimes difficult to effect an escape with becoming elegance. I could not, however, give up my darling hope of a pleasanter prospect. They fought with me in fifty engagements—that I pretended to have made. I showed them the Court Guide, with ten names obliterated—being those of persons who had *not* asked me to mince-meat and misletoe; and I ultimately gained my cause by quartering the remains of an infectious fever on the sensitive fears of my aunt, and by dividing a rheumatism and a sprained ankle between my sympathetic cousins.

As soon as they were gone I walked out, sauntering involuntarily in the direction of the only house in which I felt I could spend a "happy" Christmas. As I approached, a porter brought a large hamper to the door. "A present from the country," thought I; "yes, they *do* dine at

home ; they must ask me ; they know that I am in town." Immediately afterwards a servant issued with a letter : he took the nearest way to my lodgings, and I hurried back by another street to receive the so-much-wished-for invitation. I was in a state of delirious delight.

I arrived—but there was no letter. I sat down to wait, in a spirit of calmer enjoyment than I had experienced for some days ; and in less than half an hour a note was brought to me. At length the desired despatch had come : it seemed written on the leaf of a lily, with a pen dipped in dew. I opened it,—and had nearly fainted with disappointment. It was from a stock-broker, who begins an anecdote of Mr. Rothschild before dinner, and finishes it with the fourth bottle—and who makes his eight children stay up to supper and snap-dragon. In Macadamizing a stray stone in one of his periodical puddings, I once lost a tooth, and with it an heiress of some reputation. I wrote a most irritable apology, and despatched my warmest regards in a whirlwind.

December the twenty-fourth.—I began to count the hours, and uttered many poetical things about the wings of Time. Alack ! no letter came ; —yes, I received a note from a distinguished dramatist, requesting the honor, &c. But I was too cunning for this, and practised wisdom for once. I happened to reflect that his pantomime was to make its appearance on the night after, and that his object was to perpetrate the whole programme upon me. Regret that I could not have the pleasure of meeting Mr. Paulo, and the rest of the *litterati* to be then and there assembled, was of course immediately expressed.

My mind became restless and agitated. I felt, amidst all these invitations, cruelly neglected. They served, indeed, but to increase my uneasiness, as they opened prospects of happiness in which I could take no share. They discovered a most

tempting dessert, composed of forbidden fruit. I took down "*Childe Harold*," and read myself into a sublime contempt of mankind. I began to perceive that merriment is only malice in disguise, and that the chief cardinal virtue is misanthropy.

I sate "*nursing my wrath*" till it scorched me ; when the arrival of another epistle suddenly charmed me from this state of delicious melancholy and delightful endurance of wrong. I sickened as I surveyed, and trembled as I opened it. It was dated from—but no matter ; it was not *the* letter. In such a frenzy as mine, raging to behold the object of my adoration condescend, not to *eat* a custard, but to render it invisible—to be invited perhaps to a tart fabricated by her own ethereal fingers ; with such possibilities before me, how could I think of joining a "*friendly party*"—where I should inevitably sit next to a deaf lady, who had been, when a little girl, patted on the head by Wilkes, or my Lord North, she could not recollect which—had taken tea with the author of "*Junius*," but had forgotten his name—and who once asked me "*whether Mr. Munden's monument was in Westminster Abbey or St. Paul's ?*"—I seized a pen, and presented my compliments. I hesitated—for the peril and precariousness of my situation flashed on my mind ; but hope had still left me a straw to catch at, and I succeeded in resisting this late and terrible temptation.

After the first burst of excitement I sunk into still deeper despondency. My spirit became a prey to anxiety and remorse. I could not eat ; dinner was removed with unlifted covers. I went out. The world seemed to have acquired a new face ; nothing was to be seen but raisins and rounds of beef. I wandered about like Lear—I had given up all ! I felt myself grated against the world like a nutmeg. It grew dark—I sustained a still gloomier shock. Every chance seemed to have expired, and everybody seemed to have a delightful engagement for the next day. I alone

was disengaged—I felt like the Last Man ! Tomorrow appeared to have already commenced its career ; mankind had anticipated the future ; “ and coming mince-pies cast their shadows before.”

In this state of desolation and dismay I called—I could not help it—at the house to which I had so fondly anticipated an invitation and a welcome. My protest must here however be recorded, that though I called in the hope of being asked, it was my fixed determination not to avail myself of so protracted a piece of politeness. No : my triumph would have been to have annihilated them with an engagement made in September, payable three months after date. With these feelings I gave an agitated knock—they were stoning the plums, and did not immediately attend. I rung—how unlike a dinner bell it sounded ! A girl at length made her appearance, and, with a mouthful of citron, informed me that the family had gone to spend their Christmas-eve in Portland place. I rushed down the steps, I hardly knew whither. My first impulse was to go to some wharf and inquire what vessels were starting for America. But it was a cold night—I went home and threw myself on my miserable couch. In other words, I went to bed.

I dozed and dreamed away the hours till daybreak. Sometimes I fancied myself seated in a roaring circle, roasting chesnuts at a blazing log ; at others, that I had fallen into the Serpentine while skating, and that the Humane Society were piling upon me a Pelion, or rather a Vesuvius of blankets. I awoke a little refreshed. Alas ! it was the twenty-fifth of the month—it was Christmas-day ! Let the reader, if he possess the imagination of Milton, conceive my sensations.

I swallowed an atom of dry toast—nothing could calm the fever of my soul. I stirred the fire and read Zimmermann alternately. Even reason—the last remedy one has recourse to in such cases—came at length to my

relief : I argued myself into a philosophic fit. But, unluckily, just as the Lethean tide within me was at its height, my landlady broke in upon my lethargy, and chased away by a single word all the little sprites and pleasures that were acting as my physicians, and prescribing balm for my wounds. She paid me the usual compliments, and then,—“ Do you dine at home to-day, Sir ? ” abruptly inquired she. Here was a question. No Spanish inquisitor ever inflicted such complete dismay in so short a sentence. Had she given me a Sphinx to expound, a Gordian tangle to untwist ; had she set me a lesson in algebra, or asked me the way to Brobdignag ; had she desired me to show her the North Pole, or the meaning of a melodrama ;—any or all of these I might have accomplished. But to request me to define my dinner—to inquire into its latitude—to compel me to fathom that sea of appetite which I now felt rushing through my frame—to ask me to dive into futurity, and become the prophet of pies and preserves !—My heart died within me at the impossibility of a reply.

She had repeated the question before I could collect my senses around me. Then, for the first time, it occurred to me that, in the event of my having no engagement abroad, my landlady meant to invite me ! “ There will at least be the two daughters,” I whispered to myself ; “ and after all, Lucy Matthews is a charming girl, and touches the harp divinely. She has a very small pretty hand, I recollect ; only her fingers are so punctured by the needle—and I rather think she bites her nails. No, I will not even now give up my hope. It was yesterday but a straw—to-day it is but the thistledown ; but I will cling to it to the last moment. There are still four hours left ; they will not dine till six. One desperate struggle, and the peril is past ; let me not be seduced by this last golden apple, and I may yet win my race.” The struggle was made—“ I should not dine at-home.” This was the only

phrase left me; for I could not say that "I should dine out." Alas! that an event should be at the same time so doubtful and so desirable. I only begged that if any letter arrived, it might be brought to me immediately.

The last plank, the last splinter, had now given way beneath me. I was floating about with no hope but the chance of something almost impossible. They had "left me alone," not with my glory, but with an appetite that resembled an avalanche seeking whom it might devour. I had passed one dinnerless day, and the half of another; yet the promised land was as far from sight as ever. I recounted the chances I had missed. The dinners I might have enjoyed, passed in a dioramic view before my eyes. Mr. Phiggins and his six clerks—the Clapham beef-eaters—the charms of Upper Brook-street—my pretty cousins, and the pantomime-writer—the stock-broker, whose stories one forgets, and the elderly lady who forgets her stories—they all marched by me, a procession of apparitions. Even my landlady's invitation, though unborn, was not forgotten in summing up my sacrifices. And for what?

Four o'clock. Hope was perfectly ridiculous. I had been walking upon the hair-bridge over a gulf, and could not get into Elysium after all. I had been catching moonbeams, and running after notes of music. Despair was my only convenient refuge; no chance remained, unless something should drop from the clouds. In this last particular I was not disappointed; for on looking up I perceived a heavy shower of snow. Yet I was obliged

to venture forth; for being supposed to dine out, I could not of course remain at home. Where to go I knew not: I was like my first father—"the world was all before me." I flung my cloak round me, and hurried forth with the feelings of a bandit longing for a stiletto. At the foot of the stairs, I staggered against two or three smiling rascals, priding themselves upon their punctuality. They had just arrived—to make the tour of Turkey. How I hated them! As I rushed by the parlor, a single glance disclosed to me a blazing fire, with Lucy and several lovely creatures in a semicircle. Fancy, too, gave me a glimpse of a sprig of mistletoe—I vanished from the house, like a spectre at day-break.

How long I wandered about is doubtful. At last I happened to look through a kitchen-window, with an area in front, and saw a villain with a fork in his hand, throwing himself back in his chair choked with ecstasy. Another was feasting with a graver air; he seemed to be swallowing a bit of Paradise, and criticising its flavor. This was too much for mortality—my appetite fastened upon me like an alligator. I darted from the spot; and only a few yards farther, discerned a house, with rather an elegant exterior, and with some ham in the window that looked perfectly sublime. There was no time for consideration—to hesitate was to perish. I entered; it was indeed "a banquet-hall deserted." The very waiters had gone home to their friends. There, however, I found a fire; and there—to sum up all my folly and felicity in a single word—I DINED!

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.—No. III.

THE LATE ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE—MURRAY THE LINGUIST—LEYDEN—PHRENOLOGY, &c.

THE last time I dined with Constable, the late Nabob of northern booksellers, was about four months before his death. He had, for some time, been in bad health, and in low spirits, from

his recent disasters; but on that occasion he happened to be unusually facetious and entertaining. The flattering success his Miscellany had met with was perhaps the cause of this.

It was a theme on which he was particularly eloquent, and which seemed to bear him up against the malady that was undermining his constitution. He talked much of what he had done for the encouragement of letters, and of his intercourse with the most distinguished authors of the day, both in England and Scotland. Of Scott, Jeffrey, Leslie, and other heroes of the Edinburgh Review, he told various anecdotes. Murray, the late Professor of Hebrew, he spoke of as a particular favorite of his. Their intimacy, he said, had commenced at an early period, and when neither of them had attained distinction in their respective professions. Murray, as everybody knows, was one of the most distinguished linguists of his time, though self-taught, and without a single advantage from fortune or patronage. He had commenced his literary career in Edinburgh about the beginning of the present century, by conducting the Scots Magazine, writing papers in the earlier numbers of the Edinburgh Review, and preparing an edition of Bruce's *Travels in Abyssinia*, in which he displayed a degree of intimacy with the language and manners of those countries, scarcely credible in one who had not visited them in person. This had laid the foundation of an acquaintance, and an admiration of his talents, that made him a frequent guest at the table of his hospitable Mæcenæas. There was a simplicity in Murray's manner, and, at the same time, a caustic humor about him, that made his company very agreeable. As he died at so early an age his talents could hardly be said to have fully developed themselves, and his writings, published since his death, being left in a most unfinished state, and not having the benefit of his improvements and corrections, cannot be taken as a proper criterion of what, had he lived, he was qualified to have achieved. His poetical powers, though scarcely noticed by any of his biographers, appear to have been very considerable; and on the occasion of which I speak, our worthy host re-

peated some pieces of his that might have done credit to the muse of Beattie or Langhorne. One in particular pleased me much, and being entirely impromptu, it showed a wonderful degree of facility and cleverness at improvisatory verse making. Murray had called and found his friend confined to bed, and in a most lugubrious and desponding mood, which he in vain tried to dissipate. Among the *on dits* of the day, he mentioned a new work just published by one of the trade—Creech or Hill, I forget which—that was making some stir in town, and promised to turn out a lucrative concern. The bibliopole's visage darkened down at this intelligence, when Murray, perceiving he had touched a wrong cord, commenced an extemporaneous ballad on the occasion, in the true style of Chevy Chase, or rather an imitation of some of the simple lays in the Border Minstrelsy, which had just then made its appearance. I recollect only the two first stanzas.

Word came to our Scottish Bookseller

In the chamber where he lay,
That a work of fame, not bearing his name,
To the world had gone astray.

Then up got this stalwort Bookseller,
And an angry man was he,—
Who dares, he cried, so bold a deed,
And asks not leave of me?

In this strain of easy and humorous versification the poet went on, foretelling, of course, that this rebellion against the liege majesty of letters would speedily meet with condign punishment; since the author, printer, and publisher of this work of fame, must, of necessity, all go to the devil. An effusion so apropos and unexpected rallied the spirits of the "Scottish Bookseller," and the very recital of it, more than twenty years afterwards, seemed to restore the fallen diadem to his then "discrowned head."

Another fellow-visiter of Murray's was John Leyden, the famous orientalist. Though similar in their minds and pursuits, no two were ever more unlike in their manner. Murray was generally quiet, sly, and timid, perhaps from the conscious insignificance

of his personal appearance, and the deformity of a large flesh mark that nearly covered one half of his face. Leyden was bold, uncouth, and dogmatical. Fearless in debate, and fond of controversy, he maintained his opinions, however absurd, with a pertinacity that set reason and argument at defiance; one ludicrous instance of which, Mr. Constable told us occurred at his own table. The discussion had turned on animal food. Leyden maintained that it should be eaten raw—that cookery was a corruption, contrary to nature, and introduced by luxury and civilization—and that if any evidence were wanting, we need only look to birds and beasts of prey, and even to man in his natural state. This sort of logic did not satisfy the abettors of roast mutton. Their opinions were not to be carried by appealing to hawks and savages; but to end the dispute, they agreed to be convinced, provided Leyden would illustrate his theory by an example, and give them a specimen of his carnivorous powers on the spot. This was manifestly a poser; but Leyden was not a man to stick at trifles. A pound of solid beef-steaks was instantly procured, with a beautiful layer of fat and lean, that they might have demonstration in both kinds. Leyden showed no reluctance to put his hypothesis to the test of experiment. With the voracity of a cannibal—although he had eaten a substantial dinner not an hour before—he commenced operations, and in less than three minutes the whole contents of the plate were lodged in his stomach—to the great amusement, though not to the conviction, of his astonished companions.—Leyden delighted in the marvellous and magnificent. He was fond of expatiating on his own adventures among the hills—more especially his pastoral exploits. It was the most entertaining thing in the world, said Mr. Constable, to hear him dilating, in his provincial brogue, on the horrors of searching for stray cattle, or lifting sheep out of snow wreaths. Night after night, amidst drift and

tempest, he would represent himself as standing with one leg on one side of a deep ravine, and the other on the other side, throwing out the poor animals as fast as they tumbled in, and fighting their battles single handed, as it were, against the demon of the storm. The height to which he threw them was sometimes greater than appears consistent with our common apprehensions of human strength, or the frail tenure of animal life; to be pitched up a scour thirty or forty feet high is no joke, either for man or beast. The numbers, too, which he rescued in one night, were sometimes four times greater than the whole flock under his charge; but then all this made a better story, and told prodigiously in favor of Leyden's prowess and perseverance. This wonderful energy of temperament never forsook him. It carried him through incredible difficulties in the way of study, and at last cost him his life.

The only other anecdote worth mentioning, on the occasion referred to, was one that Constable told us of himself, which had amused him exceedingly when it happened, and was scarcely less diverting to us, enhanced as it was with that interest which we always take when the narrator is the hero of his own story. Being in London, he said, some time in the year 1816, when phrenology was one of the lions of the day, both in the northern and southern capitals, he went in company with Jeffrey and another friend to visit the Phrenological Museum of De Ville, who was, and still is, I believe, Craniographer General to the Science; and was then occupied in preparing and selling busts, with the organs numbered according to the new classification introduced by Dr. Spurzheim. De Ville was a most zealous phrenologist, and his fingers itched to manipulate every cranium that came within the scope of his observation. The three Scotsmen entered, one of whom the artist knew, and uncovered. They walked leisurely round the premises, inspecting the casts, and admiring the wonderful invention that

had so nicely located every faculty, marked its habitation by line and compass, and mapped out the human skull into plots and colonies resembling a sort of intellectual United States. The statuary fixed a knowing look on the frontispiece of the jolly bookseller; eyed him like a hawk round the room, and at last, with an impatience that could no longer be restrained, he asked his Scotch friend to request this interesting stranger to give him the honor of a sitting. The bibliopole consented, and the artist's learned fingers were instantly at work. His delight was indescribable. The frontal and occipital regions were minutely surveyed. The sutures and processes—the anterior and inferior angles, were commented on in the most complimentary terms. "Fine specimen, indeed, Sir. Exceedingly fine. Most complete corroboration of the new physiognomical system. Why, Sir, there is not a single contradiction, from the mastoid process to the nasal extremity—all beautifully developed; I must have a bust, Sir. Spurzheim, Sir, will be in raptures. Have you seen his splendid new English work published in Edinburgh last year?" Mr. C. replied he had seen it. "How unfortunate, Sir," continued the artist, "he has been in his publisher! That infernal scoundrel, the publisher, Sir, cheated him out of the whole profits, Sir. Fine development, Sir. It would have been a charity, Sir, to Science, to have published it gratis. Benevolence, large! Why, Sir, it extends over half the coronal aspect. You

must be charitable, Sir; disposed to acts of generosity, and to do honorable things! Poor Spurzheim! He expected to pocket at least 300*l.* and did not get 20! It was a base thing, Sir. I cannot forgive the rascally publisher—to cheat a foreigner!" Here the fingers of the indignant artist came across the region between Cautiousness and Hope. "Conscientiousness, large! The fullest I have ever seen! You must have a strong feeling of right and wrong—a high sense of justice, Sir. Poor Spurzheim! it was a cruel thing, Sir. I must have the dimensions of this organ. An extraordinary love of justice! decided condemnation of fraud. This, if I mistake not, Sir, is your character!" It may easily be conceived how highly diverted Mr. C. and his two friends were at this exhibition of phrenological acumen. The latter repeatedly turned round, and, pretending to admire the busts, were like to split their sides with laughter. Mr. C. was, in fact, the publisher of the book in question. Some of the circumstances detailed by the man of stucco were correct, but the charge as to pecuniary matters was entirely groundless, as the work turned out but a very indifferent speculation. However, this scientific detector of right and wrong was never informed of his mistake. The Scotchmen took their departure not a little amused at his ridiculous pretensions to indicate mental qualities by arithmetical numbers, and from bumps and protuberances on the head to form a judgment of the heart and morals.

THE LADY OF PROVENCE.*

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Courage was cast about her like a dress
Of solemn comeliness,
A gather'd mind and an untroubled face
Did give her dangers grace.

THE war-note of the Saracen
Was on the winds of France;
It had still'd the harp of the Troubadour,
And the clash of the Tourney's lance.

* Founded on an incident in the early French history.

The sounds of the sea and the sounds of the night,
And the hollow echoes of charge and flight,
Were around Clotilde, as she knelt to pray
In a chapel where the mighty lay,
 On the old Provençal shore ;
Many a Chatillon beneath,
Unstirr'd by the ringing trumpet's breath,
 His shroud of armor wore.

And the glimpses of moonlight that went and came
Through the clouds, like bursts of a dying flame,
Gave quivering life to the slumbers pale
Of stern forms couch'd in their marble mail,
At rest on the tombs of the knightly race,
The silent throngs of that burial-place.

They were imaged there with helm and spear,
As leaders in many a bold career,
And haughty their stillness look'd and high,
Like a sleep whose dreams were of victory :
But meekly the voice of the lady rose
Through the trophies of their proud repose.
Meekly, yet fervently, calling down aid,
Under their banners of battle she pray'd ;
With her pale fair brow, and her eyes of love,
Upraised to the Virgin's portray'd above,
And her hair flung back, till it swept the grave
Of a Chatillon with its gleamy wave.
And her fragile frame, at every blast
That full of the savage war-horn pass'd,
Trembling as trembles a bird's quick heart,
When it vainly strives from its cage to part,—

 So knelt she in her woe :
A weeper alone with the tearless dead—
Oh ! they reck not of tears o'er their quiet shed,
 Or the dust had stirr'd below !

Hark ! a swift step ! she hath caught its tone,
Through the dash of the sea, through the wild wind's moan ;—
Is her Lord return'd with his conquering bands ?
No ! a breathless vassal before her stands !
—“ Hast thou been on the field ?—Art thou come from the host ? ”
—“ From the slaughter, Lady !—All, all is lost !
Our banners are taken, our knights laid low,
Our spearmen chased by the Paynim foe,
And thy Lord ”—his voice took a sadder sound—
“ Thy Lord—he is not on the bloody ground !
There are those who tell that the leader's plume
Was seen on the flight through the gathering gloom.”

—A change o'er her mien and her spirit pass'd ;
She ruled the heart which had beat so fast,
She dash'd the tears from her kindling eye,
With a glance as of sudden royalty ;
The proud blood sprang, in a fiery flow,
Quick over bosom, and cheek, and brow,
And her young voice rose, till the peasant shook
At the thrilling tone and the falcon-look :
—“ Dost thou stand midst the tombs of the glorious dead,
And fear not to say that their son hath fled ?
Away ! he is lying by lance and shield—
Point me the path to his battle field ! ”

The shadows of the forest
Are about the Lady now ;
She is hurrying through the midnight on,
 Beneath the dark pine-bough.

There's a murmur of omens in every leaf,
There's a wail in the stream like the dirge of a chief ;

The branches that rock to the tempest-strife,
 Are groaning like things of troubled life ;
 The wind from the battle seems rushing by
 With a funeral march through the gloomy sky ;
 The pathway is rugged, and wild, and long,
 But her frame in the daring of love is strong,
 And her soul as on swelling seas upborne,
 And girded all fearful things to scorn.

And fearful things were around her spread,
 When she reach'd the field of the warrior-dead ;
 There lay the noble, the valiant low—
 —Aye ! but *one* word speaks of deeper woe ;
 There lay the *loved* !—on each fallen head
 Mothers vain blessings and tears had shed ;
 Sisters were watching, in many a home,
 For the fetter'd footstep, no more to come ;
 Names in the prayers of that night were spoken
 Whose claim unto kindred prayers was broken ;
 And the fire was heap'd, and the bright wine pour'd
 For those, now needing nor hearth nor board ;
 Only a requiem, a shroud, a knell,
 —And oh ! ye beloved of woman, farewell !

Silently, with lips compress'd,
 Pale hands clasp'd above her breast,
 Stately brow of anguish high,
 Death-like cheek, but dauntless eye ;
 Silently, o'er that red plain,
 Moved the lady midst the slain.

Sometimes it seem'd as a charging cry,
 Or the ringing tramp of a steed, came nigh ;
 Sometimes a blast of the Paynim horn,
 Sudden and shrill, from the mountains borne ;
 And her maidens trembled :—but on *her* ear
 No meaning fell with those sounds of fear ;
 They had less of mastery to shake her now,
 Than the quivering, erewhile, of an aspen bough.
 She search'd into many an unclosed eye,
 That look'd without soul to the starry sky ;
 She bow'd down o'er many a shatter'd breast,
 She lifted up helmet and cloven crest—

Not there, not there he lay !
 “Lead where the most hath been dared and done,
 Where the heart of the battle hath bled,—lead on !”
 And the vassal took the way.

He turn'd to a dark and lonely tree,
 That waved o'er a fountain red ;
 Oh ! swiftest *there* had the current free
 From noble veins been shed.

Thickest there the spear-heads gleam'd,
 And the scatter'd plumage stream'd,
 And the broken shields were toss'd,
 And the shiver'd lances cross'd,
 And the mail-clad sleepers round
 Made the harvest of that ground.

He was there ! the leader amidst his band,
 Where the faithful had made their last vain stand ;
 He was there ! but affection's glance alone,
 The darkly changed in that hour had known ;
 With the falchion yet in his cold hand grasp'd,
 And a banner of France to his bosom clasp'd,
 And the form that of conflict bore fearful trace,
 And the face—oh ! speak not of that dead face !

As it lay to answer love's look no more,
Yet never so proudly loved before !

She quell'd in her soul the deep floods of woe,
The time was not yet for their waves to flow ;
She felt the full presence, the might of death,
Yet there came no sob with her struggling breath,
And a proud smile shone o'er her pale despair,
As she turn'd to his followers—" Your Lord is there !
Look on him ! know him by scarf and crest !
Bear him away with his sires to rest !"

Another day—another night—
And the sailor on the deep
Hears the low chant of a funeral rite
From the lordly chapel sweep :

It comes with a broken and muffled tone,
As if that rite were in terror done,
Yet the song midst the seas hath a thrilling power,
And he knows 'tis a chieftain's burial-hour.

Hurriedly, in fear and woe,
Through the aisle the mourners go ;
With a hush'd and stealthy tread,
Bearing on the noble dead,
Sheathed in armor of the field—
Only his wan face reveal'd,
Whence the still and solemn gleam
Doth a strange sad contrast seem
To the anxious eyes of that pale band,
With torches wavering in every hand,
For they dread each moment the shout of war,
And the burst of the Moslem scymitar.

There is no plumed head o'er the bier to bend,
No brother of battle, no princely friend ;
No sound comes back, like the sounds of yore,
Unto sweeping swords from the marble floor ;
By the red fountain the valiant lie,
The flower of Provençal chivalry,
But *one* free step and one lofty heart,
Bear through that scene, to the last, their part.

She hath led the death-train of the brave
To the verge of his own ancestral grave ;
She hath held o'er his spirit long rigid sway,
But the struggling passion must now have way.
In the cheek half seen through her mourning veil,
By turns doth the swift blood flush and fail,—
The pride on the lip is lingering still,
But it shakes, as a flame to the blast might thrill ;
Anguish and Triumph are met at strife,
Rending the cords of her frail young life ;
And she sinks at last on her warrior's bier,
Lifting her voice as if death might hear.

" I have won thy fame from the breath of wrong,
My soul hath risen for thy glory strong !
Now call me hence by thy side to be,
The world thou leav'st hath no place for me.
The light goes with thee, the joy, the worth—
Faithful and tender ! Oh ! call me forth !
Give me my home on thy noble heart,
Well have we loved, let us both depart !"

And pale on the breast of the Dead she lay,
The living cheek to the cheek of clay ;

The living cheek !—Oh ! it was not vain,
That strife of the spirit to rend its chain,
She is there at rest in her place of pride,
In death how queen-like—a glorious bride !

Joy for the freed One !—she might not stay
When the crown had fall'n from her life away ;
She might not linger—a weary thing,
A dove with no home for its broken wing,
Thrown on the harshness of alien skies,
That know not its own land's melodies.
From the long heart-withering early gone ;
She hath lived—she hath loved—her task is done !

FUSELI AS A PAINTER AND AUTHOR.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

As a painter his merits are of no common order. He was no timid and creeping adventurer in the region of art, but a man peculiarly bold and daring—who rejoiced only in the vast, the wild, and the wonderful, and loved to measure himself with any subject, whether in the heaven above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth. The domestic and humble realities of life he considered unworthy of his pencil, and employed it only on those high or terrible themes where imagination may put forth all her strength and fancy scatter all her colors. He associated only with the demigods of verse, and roamed through Homer, and Dante, and Shakspeare, and Milton, in search of subjects worthy of his hand ; he loved to grapple with whatever he thought too weighty for others ; and assembling round him the dim shapes which imagination called readily forth, sat brooding over the chaos, and tried to bring the whole into order and beauty. He endeavored anxiously to

"Produce those permanent and perfect forms,
Those characters of heroes and of gods,
Which from the crude materials of the world
His own high mind created."

But poetry had invested them with a diviner pomp than Fuseli could command, and it was on these occasions that he complained of his inability to work up to the conceptions of his fancy. He had splendid dreams, but like those of Eve they were sometimes disturbed by a demon, and

passed away forever before he could embody them.

His main wish was to startle and astonish—it was his ambition to be called Fuseli the daring and the imaginative, the illustrator of Milton and Shakspeare, the rival of Michael Angelo. Out of the seventy exhibited paintings on which he reposed his hope of fame, not one can be called common-place—they are all poetical in their nature, and as poetically treated. Some twenty of these alarm, startle, and displease ; twenty more may come within the limits of common comprehension ; the third twenty are such as few men can produce, and deserve a place in the noblest collections ; while the remaining ten are equal in conception to anything that genius has hitherto produced, and second only in their execution to the true and recognized master-pieces of art. It cannot be denied, however, that a certain air of extravagance and a desire to stretch and strain is visible in most of his works. A common mind, having no sympathy with his soaring, perceives his defects at once, and ranks him with the wild and unsober. A poetic mind will not allow the want of serenity and composure to extinguish the splendor of the conception ; but whilst it notes the blemish, will feel the grandeur of the work. The approbation of high minds fixes the degree of fame to which genius of all degrees is entitled, and the name of Fuseli is safe.

His coloring is like his design, original; it has a kind of supernatural hue, which harmonizes with many of his subjects—the spirits of the other state and the bags of hell are steeped in a kind of kindred color, which becomes their characters. His notion of color suited the wildest of his subjects; and the hue of Satan and the lustre of Hamlet's Ghost are part of the imagination of those supernatural shapes. Yet original as his coloring is, and suitable to the scenes which it often embodies, it seems unnatural when applied to earthly flesh and blood, and communicates hues which belong to other worlds than to the sons and daughters of Adam. It is to be praised rather than imitated, and would be out of harmony with subjects of common emotion and every-day life.

His sketches are very numerous, amounting to eight hundred, and show the varied knowledge and vigorous imagination of the man. He busied himself during his hours of leisure with making sketches and drawings from scenes which had occurred in his reading, or had arisen on his fancy; in this manner he illustrated the whole range of poetry, ancient and modern. Those who are only acquainted with Fuseli through his paintings know little of the extent of his genius; they should see him in his designs and drawings, to feel his powers and know him rightly. The variety of those productions is truly wonderful, and their poetic feeling and historic grandeur more wonderful still. It is surprising too how little of that extravagance of posture and action, which offends in his large paintings, is present here; they are for the most part uncommonly simple and serene performances.

Scattered amongst these sketches, we are sometimes startled by the appearance of a lady floating gracefully along in fashionable attire—her patches, paint, and jewels on—and armed for doing mischief amongst the sons of modern men. There is no attempt at caricature—they are fac-similes, and

favorable ones, of existing life and fashion. Their presence amongst the works we have described jars upon our feelings—they are out of keeping with the poetic simplicity of their companions, and look as strange as court ladies would do taking the air with the Apollo and the dying Gladiator. They do, however, what the painter meant. They tell us how contemptible everything is save natural elegance and simple grandeur, and that much which gives splendor to a ball or levee, will never mingle with what is lofty or lasting.

His love of the loose wit and free humor of the old writers of Italy and England was great; as he read them he chuckled with pleasure, and taking up his pencil lent form to such scenes as gladdened his fancy. Those works are entitled to the praise of poetic freedom and vivacity—the humor and the wit triumph over all other levities—and sense has generally the better of sensuality. Fire, however, fell amongst most of these when he died,—nor do I blame the hand of his widow who kindled it.

We cannot contemplate the portfolios of his serious drawings, opened to us by their possessor, Sir Thomas Lawrence, without being struck with the extraordinary genius of Fuseli, and lamenting the blindness and deficiency of taste of the age in which he lived. Had he received anything like adequate encouragement, public feeling would have awed down his extravagance of imagination, and those compositions, now consigned to the cabinet of his eminent friend, would have been expanded into pictures and adorning the galleries of our country. Of all the painters whom England has encouraged—they are not indeed many—no one had either the reach of thought or the poetic feeling of Fuseli: he had comprehension for all that is great, and imagination for all that is lofty.

Of his literary compositions something more should be said. I rank them high, and yet considerably below the efforts of his pencil. He affected

to strike out remarkable sentences, and express characters by a few weighty words—to utter instructions pointed and oracular—to season sound counsel with shrewd wit, and by the use of poetic diction give warmth and energy to the whole. To accomplish this, generally, required a better disciplined mind, and perhaps a better acquaintance with our language, than he possessed; but in many passages his success is splendid. He always feels well—often deeply; but the great fault is that he seldom allows

the stream of his mind to run smoothly along; he leads it astray into artificial falls, and bewilders it in links and serpentines. He had such a high opinion of his own acuteness and wisdom, that he wrote a whole volume of Aphorisms on Art—three hundred in number. Some of these are said to be acute—some sensible—some profound, and a great many visionary. He also began a regular history of his art, but stopped at Michael Angelo. The fragment has not as yet been published.

THE AURORA BOREALIS IN ORKNEY.

All glorious was the prospect from thy peak,
Thou thunder-cloven island of the main!—DELTA.

To the contemplative mind, who, enthusiastically fond of the sublime and beautiful, gazes on nature with the eye of a poet, lists with rapture to the howling of the deep-toned winds—the moaning of ocean—the never-ceasing murmur of an hundred mountain streamlets—the irresistible Atlantic rushing with inconceivable velocity into countless subterranean gios or helyers, with a noise louder than thunder, and anon receding with equal rapidity,—few places are equal to the island of Hoy in Orkney.

Towering over the neighboring islands, like the fragment of some huge gothic cathedral over the humble cottages of the peasantry, this insulated mountain may be seen from forty to sixty miles distant, according to the state of the atmosphere, from every point of the compass, whilst its rocky base is deeply immersed in, and lashed by a tremendous

Wilderness of waves,
Where all the tribes of earth might sleep
In their uncrowded graves!

But the freshness of spring, the glories of summer, the sere and yellow leaves of autumn, and the vapors, clouds, and storms of winter, dwindle into insignificance when compared with certain celestial phenomena which very frequently occur in these wild regions during the winter months.

Let the reader imagine himself standing alone in the midst of such desolate scenery, surveying the azure vault of heaven, bespangled with stars innumerable, whose scintillating rays converge and blind, apparently throwing a gossamer veil of silver over the blue expanse. Let him turn his eyes northward, and what must be his feelings, when, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, ten thousand rainbows rush into a glorious existence, and fill the celestial arch with their radiance, shifting their positions with the velocity of a sunbeam, blending into a circular halo round the concave of heaven, mounting to the zenith like squadrons of cherubims, diving into the profound like bright but fallen spirits, and evanishing with the speed of thought, leaving the stars and planets glowing in tranquil sublimity, and the spectator, if he possess a particle of the *vivida vis animi*, entranced with the recollection of the glories by which he has been surrounded! Again and again in my happy school days have such visions of celestial grandeur floated before my delighted eyes, and many a chilly hour have I passed amidst the rigor of an hyperborean winter night, watching the progress, the advance, the retreat, the *melée*, or the final extermination, of these celestial armies; and I do aver, that no

object in nature can illustrate the wars of the

Thrones and dominions, potentates and powers of Milton, half so well as the splendid sight which I have been attempting to describe.

It is rather humiliating to poor human nature that the great majority of the Orkney peasantry regard this beautiful phenomenon with the most frozen apathy.

Though its splendors are beyond the power of pen like mine to deline-

ate; though its glories, on particular occasions, are absolutely overpowering—yet I have frequently mingled in their groups, made one in their parties, and never heard an impassioned exclamation escape a single individual of them, though the *aurora borealis* were flickering and flaming, and glowing, nay actually *hissing*, as if in scorn of the frigid feelings of those who were so happy as to witness the jousts and tournaments of these aerial revellers.

ON THE ART OF DRESSING THE HUMAN BODY.

We are surprised that people do not follow our example in other things, and adapt their appearance and costume of body, at least, to the different seasons of the year, if they cannot, like us, change the shape and fashion of their thoughts. We beheld a man, the other day, fluttering along Prince's Street, with light jane trowsers, and a white straw hat. Has the animal no perception of changes in the atmosphere; or, as we rather suspect, has he only one pair of nether habiliments in the world? However it may be, he ought to be kept in solitary confinement; for the man who would outrage public decorum in this way, would have little scruple in murdering his nearest relation. We are offended every time we walk the streets, with a thousand instances of similar insanity. A person, in the heats of June or July, comes sweltering up to us buckled in a prodigious great-coat, which he probably terms a surtout; and carries his head tight on his shoulders by the aid of two or three neckcloths, which would smother an ordinary mortal in December. Another fellow hobbles past us in a pair of immense Wellington boots, or, at least, with his ankles thickly enveloped in prodigious gaiters—an article of wearing apparel which is at once the most snobbish and disagreeable. We ourselves are of a peculiarly delicate constitution, and, above all, are liable to sore throats from the easter-

ly winds. But what is the use of all the precautions we can use, if fellows will wriggle past us dressed so thinly that their own miserable bloodless bodies chill the air more completely than Eurus himself could do, with Leslie's freezing machine in his hand, and an iceberg in each pocket? We are convinced that our last cough, from which, indeed, we are scarcely yet recovered, was inflicted on us by a man in nankeen trowsers, who stood beside us several minutes, as we waited for a friend by the Glasgow mail. These things ought to be looked to a little more closely; and if people would only have the sense to dress by a thermometer, it would show more wisdom than we are at present disposed to allow them. There might, by a very slight change of the present style, be a graduated scale of dress. In summer, instead of having the thermometer at 80 in the shade, the mercury might be made to rise to the words silk stockings and nankeens—as it gradually descended, it might point to cotton stockings, boots, cloth trowsers, drawers, and jackets, till at last it sunk fairly down to great-coats, worsted gloves, and Belcher fogles. As to the color of the habiliments, that, of course, ought to be left to the taste of the individual; but all men should not wrap themselves in windings of exactly the same tints and shades. No sooner does some color come down strongly recommended

from some London candidate for the Fleet, than universal Edinburgh appears in the same hue. Say the color fixed upon is green,—forth stalks a writer's clerk, fresh from the Orkneys, with a back as broad as his desk, and whiskers as red as his sealing-wax, and struts about in a few days in the livery of Oberon and the Fairies. People with faces more lugubrious than if their aunts had recovered from a fever, make up, by the gaiety of their dress, for the funereal expression of their features. White hats are cocked up with a ludicrous jauntiness over grizzled locks on which a nightcap would be more becoming; and, in short, without reference to age, size, character, or profession, every man struts forth as nearly in the fashion as he can. But "what have we with men to do?" Let us advert to the ladies. Not unto thee, O thin-lipped and narrow-shouldered virgin, blooming on, like the other evergreens, in thy fifty-second winter, with a nose thin and blue as a darning needle, and a countenance with the amiable expression of a bowl of skim milk, are these observations directed; useless were any care upon thy toilet, unnoticed the elegance of thy head-dress, unremarked the beauty of thy gown. For thee the plainest and least distinguished garments are the most appropriate, and those,

"Like thine own planet in the west,
When half conceal'd, are loveliest."

So, beware of low necks, short sleeves, or petticoats one inch above thy shoe. But to you, ye maids and matrons, from sixteen up to sixty, would an old man offer gentle and friendly advice; and, we beseech you, lay it seriously to your hearts, whether they beat in the gaiety and gladness of youth and beauty, behind the folds of a snowy muslin kerchief, or rest quiet and contented in married and matronly sedateness, beneath the warm Chinchilla tippit, and comfortable and close-pinned India shawl.

In the first place, let no one look, unless with loathing and contempt,

at the fashions for the month. Let every one be her own pattern, and dress according to her figure, size, and complexion, and not according to the caprice or whim of another. If a great Leviathan, who happens to set the mode, chooses to envelope her acres of back and bosom in drapery so wide as to make it impossible to discover where the apparel ends, and where the natural contour begins; why, oh why, our own dear Jane, should you hide the fall of your shoulders, or the symmetry of your waist, in the same overwhelming and fantastic habiliments? Why change the rounded elegance of your own white and beautiful arm for the puffed-out, pudding-shaped sleeves which the sapient in millinery call *gigot de mouton*? Consult your mirror only for one single moment, and ask yourself, if a stiff frump-up Queen-Mary frill suit with the laughing playfulness of your eyes, or the gay and thoughtless expression of your mouth. By no means. Leave that and all other stiff articles of apparel to the large hazel-eyed imperial sort of beauties; but let one simple string of pearls hang on your blue-veined neck, and a thin gauze handkerchief rest carelessly on your shoulders. Hast thou dark waving ringlets? Oh maid, whose eyes now cast a halo of their own light over our pages, let red roses and pale honeysuckle nestle amid their tresses! Do thy blue eyes shine, like stars of joy, beneath the fleecy clouds of thy light-falling hair? Twine a green wreath to encircle thy brow, of the leaves of the lemon-plant, holly, or even the cypress-tree. But why should a gentle young maiden wear any ornaments in her hair at all? Far better, and far lovelier, are her simple tresses. The days of diamond combs, and pearl circlets, have luckily gone by, and pure is the delight to behold a face, radiant with smiles and beauty, half hid, in its playfulness and mirth, beneath a veil of falling curls, loose, wandering, and unconfined. There are some figures which dress cannot spoil, but there

are none which dress may not improve. We have before us now at the table on which we write, a girl, beautiful, indeed, in herself, but so plainly, and yet so tastefully dressed, as to add to her natural loveliness. She has light brown hair, clustering thickly down her cheek; her blue eyes are fixed intently on a book, while her rosy lips seem to move unconsciously, and her brow to assume an appearance of intense excitement under the inspiration of what she is reading. She wears a plain white gown; a pink colored kerchief in vain endeavors to conceal the heavings of her breast; no necklace is round her throat—and, above all, none of those revolting remnants of barbarity—ear-rings—destroying the chaste simplicity of her cheek and neck. And what is there in all that! A thousand girls dress simply and elegantly in white gowns, a thousand wear no ornaments in their hair, and thousands upon thousands submit to no manacles in their ears; and yet, with many, this unadorned style would not be the most becoming. Give bracelets on the wrists, and aigrettes in her locks, to the flashing-eyed flirt; dress her in gay-colored silks, and let rings sparkle on every finger as she lifts it in playful and heartless gaiety to captivate some large-eyed, wide-mouthed spoon, who thinks she cares only for him;—but to the meek and gentle daughters of our hearts, the noiseless spirits of our homes, give drapery pure and spotless as their thoughts, and white as the snowy bosoms which it covers.

And yet, since truth must be spoken, the style of dress in the present day is certainly more becoming than the monstrosities we remember some years ago. The short waists were our utter abomination. Men's buttons took post exactly on the tip of their shoulder-bones, while the swallow-tails dangled their immensity of length till they tapered off below the knees like the tail of an ourang-outang. The ladies were equally ridiculous. The bend of their figures was entirely destroyed; and as to the

waist of a very sylph of twenty years of age, it was in no respect, unless by its superior breadth, to be distinguished from any other part of her form. At that time the backs of all the ladies in his Majesty's dominions were so precisely the same in appearance, that few men could recognise even their wives and daughters, unless they were gifted by nature with lameness or a hump. All distinctions of age were lost in the universal destitution of shape. Matrons of forty-five were by no means to be detected; even the mature ages of sixty and sixty-three, as long as the faces were concealed, reaped all the admiration due to twenty and twenty-five. Life and admiration were a complete puzzle to the most attentive observers. Impossible was it for *Cædipus* himself to discover whether the object of his praise, who so gracefully walked the whole length of Prince's Street before him, was old enough for his grandmother or young enough for his child. We remember an odd adventure happening to ourself. We were at that time poor, and then, as at all other times, handsome, good-natured, and obliging, and, of course, very much admired. This admiration, however, we are bound in candor to allow, was much more warm among the maids than the matrons of our acquaintance, and between us and one of them, who, besides a beautiful face, had an estate in Ayrshire, and expectations from her uncle, we confess the admiration was mutual. The mother, who was as watchful as mothers of rich daughters always are, did not seem quite to approve of our approaches; of which we had a gentle hint one day, when she requested our absence from her house, and begged to have the pleasure of a discontinuance of our acquaintance. Water thrown on flame only makes it burn the stronger, and a little opposition is the soul of love. We corresponded—blessings on the black-eyed waiting-maid! and agreed one day to meet. We went, and walking before us we saw a figure which set our blood

dancing in our veins. We followed—"Who," we exclaimed, "can gaze on that dear green silk gown, nor guess what a lovely form is enshrouded below it? Who can see that nodding umbrella-looking bonnet, nor guess what sparkling eyes and snowy teeth and rosy cheeks it maliciously conceals beneath it?" We saw her step into Montgomery's, she stood at the counter—"Now, now, we shall hear her voice, and see her beloved countenance again." In an instant we were beside her, and, with beating heart and quivering lips, whispered in her ear—"Have you come at last? have you escaped the old dragon, your mother?" Our tongue clove to our mouth, our eyes glared like Roman candles, our lips trembled, and the last thing we remember was the voice of the servant-maid crying, "John, John, bring some water here, a gentleman's in a fit!" It was her mother! When we recovered, the vision had disappeared; but woful were the consequences to us. We had fallen half across the counter; and after with our dexter arm demolishing two dozen tumblers, six glasses of jelly, and a marriage cake, we had subsided with our left arm among seven-and-thirty cranberry tarts, and finally got half choked as we sunk with our head totally immersed in an enormously wide-mouthed jar of pickled cabbages. This, in more senses than one, was the demolition of our suit; and fervently have we hated short waists, and watchful mothers, since that memorable day. More particularly, as before our cheek was healed, which we cut among the tumblers, or our three teeth become firm, which we loosened upon the counter, our love was married to an English dragoon, who, we understand, is going to stand for a rotten borough on the strength of her Ayrshire estate. Hundreds of similar mistakes, we have no hesitation in believing, rose from the doubtful waists, the medium ancepts, of maid, wife, and widow. Now, however, these things are somewhat better managed. Now that nature is

left comparatively to herself, it is impossible for any one to walk *towards* you, creating wonder and fear from the ghastliness and wrinkles of her face, and, as you turn round to wonder who has passed, to walk away *from* you, creating love and admiration from the beauty and gracefulness of her back. For the sameness of the colors in general use, we are still, no doubt, much to blame. But greatly as we approve of an independent exertion of each individual's taste in the selection and combining of her hues and shades, horrible and truly abominable is the search after singularity which actuates some of the ladies whom we have lately seen. Low-bosomed gowns are happily not in vogue; but wherefore, because everything is not revealed, should everything be totally covered up and hidden? Have not we seen ladies with their necks entirely and closely buckled round in a thick stuff stomacher, and looking as starched and stiff as a half-pay Lieutenant, whose military surtout is always (except on Mondays, when his shirt is clean) buttoned tightly over his black leather stock, for the double purpose of showing his chest, and saving the necessity of a waistcoat?

A slavish adherence to custom is very bad, but an absolute running counter to it is equally so. A dress which is in accordance with the age, complexion, and situation of any one, can never be wondered at as out of the way, nor laughed at as not being in the fashion. If people go to condole with an acquaintance on the death of her husband, which happened the last week, it would perhaps not be quite correct to do so on their way to a ball, with spangles glistening over their gowns, and silver laurel-leaves shining on their foreheads. But perhaps as bad as this would it be, to go to an assembly dressed "in the sable suits of woe," to waltz with a widow's veil upon their heads, or jump through a reel with weepers on their sleeves. Dresses ought to be adapted also to the occupation the wearer intends to

pursue. How ridiculous a gentleman would appear if he dug in his garden with white kid gloves on his hands, and dancing shoes on his feet! How absurd a lady would seem, mending her husband's worsted stockings, dressed all the time in her ball-room finery! But enough of this. Father's have odd fancies, and dress their family more in accordance with their own taste than their daughters' appearances. We called, when we were last in Suffolk, on an old friend of ours, whom we had not seen for many years. He was a humorist in his way, and was blessed with the most complete credulity, mixed with the least quantity of shrewdness, of any matter-of-fact individual we ever knew. Old Simon's reception of us was kind, his invitation to stay with him was pressing, and we staid. The room in which we saw him was remarkably well furnished; but the sun was shining bright—it was the middle of summer—and the whole apartment was one blaze of light. The curtains of the windows were of the most dazzling yellow—the carpet was yellow, with here and there a blue spot on it—the walls were yellow—the grate was yellow—the chairs and sofas all of the same hue—and all the pictures round the room were enshrined in bright yellow frames. Our old friend himself, from the reflection of the color, was as yellow in the face as a jaundiced man, or a new brass button; and our eyes began to be affected by gazing on the same changeless, unmitigated tint. We asked him for a snuff, and a yellow box containing Lundifoot was immediately put into our hands. We drew from our pocket a handkerchief, which unfortunately was of the fated hue. "Beautiful handkerchief!" exclaimed our friend; such a very lovely color! Pray, sir, let me see. Aye, real Bandana; and such a bright glowing yellow!"—"Yes," we replied, resolving to play a little on the simplicity of our friend; "it is a good handkerchief; and it is sometimes right to run a little risk, though a

cloth of any other shade would do just as well, and not be at all dangerous."—"Dangerous! risk!" exclaimed our yellow friend, with a slight tinge of blue spreading over his features—"What can you be talking of? Yellow is the very best color of them all. My gig is yellow—my carriage is yellow—I keep no birds but canaries—and what do you talk about risks and dangers for?"—"Then you haven't heard the discovery made by the German metaphysicians, that our thoughts take the color of what is presented to the senses!"—"Yellow is a most dangerous color—yellow thoughts make people misers, pickpockets, and murderers."—"God have mercy upon us all! if that's the case; for I'm sure my thoughts must be yellow, beyond the power of man to change them. My wife's thoughts must be yellow as this sofa. And Mary, poor dear yellow-thoughted Mary! what shall I do to dye them?"—"Give them a slight infusion," we said, as solemnly as possible, "of blue damask furniture; and let Mary be feasted on a green silk pelisse."—"Ah now," said our friend, "I know you're only joking. —Curse metaphysics! I never could understand a word of them in my life. Feast on a green silk pelisse! Ha, ha! I'll tell Mary what a supper you propose."—"No, sir—serious as a judge—even in the time we have been here, we feel as if ill of the yellow fever."—"Fever!" cried Simon, wofully alarmed! "is it infectious! How pale you look! Shall I ring the bell, sir? Mary, Mary, do leave the room; the yellow fever is raging here already; and all from these confounded yellow curtains! The gentleman has swallowed a sofa-cover!—How do you feel now, sir?"—"A few yards, properly applied, of a dark green crumb-cloth, would be very advantageous. A black coal-scuttle would also be a great relief." We looked at Mary as we said this, and saw a very pretty little girl of seventeen or eighteen, dressed all in the everlasting color—yellow from top to toe, her very hair being slightly gold-

en, and her sandals of yellow silk. Her mother also came in, and was closely followed by a servant in yellow livery. All seemed fixed in the utmost astonishment. We ourselves sat quietly on the sofa, after having bowed to the ladies; while Simon went on with a string of questions and exclamations, which were totally unintelligible to them; and ended at last with a denunciation of his favorite furniture, which seemed to give great satisfaction to his wife and daughter. "We were remarking to Mr. Yellowly, when you came in, madam," we said to the lady, in our usual bland and insinuating manner, "that we thought this room would be somewhat improved by the addition of some furniture of a different color, and he seems now to agree with us in opinion."—"God bless me!" cried Simon, stopping short in his walk—"I

understood you to say you had been infected by the furniture with the yellow fever; that the fever had made you mad, and you wished to swallow a crumb-cloth, and sup on the coal-scuttle. Mary was to eat a green pelisse, and you, my dear, were to be treated with an infusion of a chest of drawers." We immediately explained; and the ladies, who seemed accustomed to Simon's absurdities, were easily satisfied of his mistake; more especially as he promised them dresses of the colors they themselves should prefer; and we saw the pretty Mary, before our departure, in a gown of the purest white, a deep blue ribbon round her waist, with white silk stockings and black shoes; which, to the young, the simple, and the unaffected, is the handsomest and most interesting dress they can possibly put on.

EVENING.

How beautiful the summer sun goes down
Beyond the mountains, while in the blue
east

The stars are lifting high their unveil'd
heads

In solitary glory; not a cloud
Floats now between the green earth and
the orbs

That gaze upon her beauty; while the vault
Looks like a passage for the airy feet
Of souls, that wish at times to visit earth;
Silence is dreaming o'er the universe,
Lulling the pulse of nature! Such a night,
Methinks, descended on the infant world,
When twilight first prepared her starry bed
To rest the young sun on his journey—
nights

So calm and beautiful—when God and
man

Walk'd side by side upon the flowery slope
Of the green hills of Paradise. The moon
Now rolls in glory o'er the highest heaven;
The mountains shine beneath her vestal
fire,

Eternal towers of adamant, which seem
Lost in the moonshine, and whose heads
are white

With the first snow blown from the lips of
time.

Oh, I could wish for wings, to flee away
To yon calm, shining orbs, and be at rest;
They look so like the bowers our God has
made,

To shield the lonely and the broken heart.

SONG.

Oh! think not, thou dear one, I ever re-
pined

At the fiat celestial that made thee mine
own;

Oh! think not, adored one, my love hath
declined

With the swift years of bliss that have
over us flown.

My memory clings to those moments so
bright,

In life's rosy morn, when our passion
was young;

When I gazed on thy form with excessive
delight,

And speechless with bliss on thy bosom
I hung.

The jewels of earth, and the gems of the
sea—

The dew and the diamond, the sapphire
and pearl—

The sunbeam, the stars—were all emblems
of thee;—

Thou wert brighter than all of them,
idolized girl.

I grant thou art not so bewitchingly mould-
ed
As erst when I woo'd thee beneath the
beech tree,
But the touch-stone of time hath thy value
unfolded,
And made thee ten thousand times dear-
er to me !

Then think not, thou dear one, I ever re-
pin'd
At the fiat celestial that made thee mine
own ;
Oh ! think not, adored one, my love hath
declined
With the swift years of bliss that have
over us flown.

THE WALL-FLOWER.

I LOVE thee, lone and pensive flower,
Because thou dost not flaunt thy
bloom
In Pleasure's gay and garish bower,
Or Luxury's proud banquet-room ;
But on the silent mouldering wall
Thy clinging leaves a fragrance shed, .
Or give to the deserted hall
A relic of its glories fled.

These wreaths, in vivid freshness bright,
Methinks the flattering herd portray,
Who bask in Fortune's golden light,
And wanton in her joyous way ;
But thou art like that gentle love,
Which blooms when friends and fame
have pass'd,
Towers the dark wreck of Hope above,
And smiles through ruin to the last !

ON THE CYCLES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART IV.

WE have now brought down this essay to what may be termed the third grand epoch of our literary annals. We have seen that the tone of the first was imparted by Chaucer, Spenser, and the early dramatists ; and that the second originated in the dramatists of the age of Charles the Second, acquired stability from Dryden, and was perfected by Pope. We have shown also that the influence of the second was continued for the greater part of the last century — comprehending among its adherents Swift, Gay, Goldsmith, and Johnson. A dawn of better things showed itself in Thomson, and expanded into the daylight in the writings of Cowper.

It was not to be expected, however, that an innovation, like that of Cowper in his "Task," was immediately to influence and carry with it the whole literary suffrages of the age. Darwin and Seward divided the laurels with him ; and poetry continued to carry on a strange warfare into the regions of modern science. Steam engines boiled in song ; and flowers embraced each other, according to the most improved method of Linnæus. Wedgwood was immortalized with all his porcelain manufacture ; and Lu-

nardi ascended in his parachute to the music of heroic verse. In short, by a kind of legerdemain in the art, whatever had been previously the favorite subjects for embellishment, from the days of Homer downwards, were utterly neglected, that subjects which never before were supposed capable of poetical embellishment might be attempted. Like all novelties, the system for awhile attracted attention, and gained disciples, until it was carried to a degree of monstrosity perfectly intolerable. The Laura Matildas, and the Della Cruscan sentimentalists, Gifford demolished by "the Mæviad and Bæviad ;" while Canning did the same good turn to the poetical votaries of science, by "the Loves of the Triangles."

About this time a triple constellation appeared on the horizon of literature, consisting of Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge. Brought together by similarity of tastes, and almost fortuitous circumstances, the trio had imbibed peculiar canons of criticism ; and they set about exemplifying them, in compositions of great original power and beauty.

As was to have been expected from men of great original genius, each had

many peculiar beauties and defects, and different ways of illustrating their poetical theories to the world. A distinguished critic has characterized "the poetry of Wordsworth as scholastic, the poetry of Southey as monastic, and the poetry of Coleridge as fantastic;" and, with some allowance for the "uniformity's sake," love of *astie*, we confess that the distinction is borne out by at least a shadow of truth.

Of the three, Southey has shown himself the man of by far the greatest general ability. Perhaps in the whole range of English literature there is not a name which has distinguished itself so highly in so many branches. When we consider what he has achieved, it puts a veto on the idle murmur about the brevity of human life. In poetry, in history, in philology and politics, the name of Southey is a first-rate one. Montgomery, himself a poet of no mean reputation, has set down "Madoc" as the third great poem in the English language, after the "Faëry Queen" and "Paradise Lost;" yet, to our mind, Southey has himself eclipsed that great work, not only in "Thalaba," "that wild and wondrous tale" of Arabian superstition, but also in "Roderick," a poem of more regular features and strength of composition. It is needless to mention the Laureate as the historian of Brazil and of the Peninsular War, as the biographer of Nelson, as the author of the Book of the Church, the Dialogues on the Progress and Prospects of Society, and a host of other things of equal performance. Seldom, indeed, is genius of such a high order found united with application so unwearied, and a judgment so penetrating and profound. Yet withal, Southey cannot be said, even at this day, to be a very popular writer—at least at all in proportion to his deserts.

Southey has elaborated his poetry from an immense fund of reading—so much so, that the Edinburgh Review affected to regard "Thalaba" as little more than a versification of his Commonplace Book. In this he differs

most essentially from Wordsworth, in whose writings we find almost no traces of previous authorship; and, after the perusal of which, we would be almost led to believe that there existed but the external world and the author's mind. Warton and Percy endeavored to lead back the public taste to the days of romantic poetry, and partially succeeded in what Sir Walter Scott has so triumphantly achieved. Wordsworth goes back to a far more remote date, if dates are applicable to the progress of the human mind, in its transit from individual to general civilization.

Indeed, the poetry of Wordsworth cannot receive a more distinctive appellation than that of patriarchal. He deals with the primitive movements of the soul, as we may suppose them to be originally influenced by those domestic events to which human fancy and passion are exposed. It has also been his endeavor to prove that the language of affection is always poetical, and needs not the meretricious ornament in which it has been the commonplace custom of authors to clothe it. In this we think there is ample reason to believe him right; but we cannot say so much for his theory about the objects most proper for imaginative embellishment.

Of Coleridge, the last of the triumvirate, we shall shortly have reason to speak, in the course of our regular critical essays. Taken all in all, his mind is perhaps the most singularly constituted of any in our age. At the time of his coming first before the public as an author, there appeared only in his poetical effusions the indications of high fancy and a classically elaborated diction; but, after his visit to the Continent, it seemed to be strangely metamorphosed by the air of the Hartz mountains, and by the metaphysics of Germany. "History and particular facts," as he himself states, "lost all interest in his eyes; and by his closetings with Fichte and Kant, peradventure also with Jacob Behme, *seu Teufonicus Philosophus*, his judgment was led a-wool-gathering; in an

abysm, from which the stepping-stones of syllogism and theorem have not been able to rescue him."

From the combination of these three great and original minds, a new school of literature took its rise, which, from the local residences of the gentlemen composing it, was somewhat extraordinarily denominated "The Lake School." The term has now, however, become so common to the ears of the world, and conveys so many delightful associations along with it, that we would not part with it willingly. There is a magic in the term, which calls to mind "Thalaba," and the "Lyrical Ballads," and the "Ancient Marinere;" and we beg to differ with Shakspeare in saying, that

The rose

By any other name would smell as sweet.

We shall now conclude this essay on the three great cycles of literature with a few observations on the writings of Wordsworth and his associates, as contrasted with those of Darwin and the Della Cruscans.

In matter and in manner the Lake and the Darwinian schools of poetry are the very antipodes of each other,—hostile in all the doctrines, and opposite in every characteristic. The one endeavors, and too often succeeds, in debasing what is naturally dignified and lofty, by meanness of style, triteness of simile, and puerility of description. It clothes Achilles once more in female habiliments, and sets Hercules to the distaff. The other endeavors (if we may be allowed the simile) to buoy up the materials of prose into the regions of poetry, by putting them into the parachute of an air-balloon, not expanded by the divine afflatus, but by means of hydrogenous gas; while the aeronaut, as he ascends, waives his embroidered flag, and scatters among the gaping crowds below gilded knick-knacks, tinsel trinkets, and artificial roses—amazingly like nature. The one reminds us of Cincinnatus, who, after having held the helm of state, and led the armies of his country to victory, sighed for unambitious retirement,

and, throwing off the ensigns of office, withdrew from the bustle of camps and cabinets to the tranquillity of his little farm; and the other to Abon Hassan in the "Arabian Tales," who was transported from the tavern to the palace when under the influence of a somniferous potion, and awoke amid the music of a morning serenade, surrounded with the splendors of mock royalty. The one is like the apples on the shores of the Lake Asphaltites, beautiful to the eye, yet ashes on the lips. The other may be compared to the streams in Moore's melody, that

O'er golden mines

With modest murmur glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide.

Were it not for the similes, which are, however, too frequently pressed into the service, the "Botanic Garden" and the "Temple of Nature," with all their luxuriant description, splendid imagery, and pompous versification, would be the most tedious and uninteresting performances, "flat, stale, and unprofitable." The subject matter, abstractedly considered, wholly precludes pathos and sympathy—elements, without which, in our critical opinion, poetry can possess very little fascination. We can easily conceive that Lucretius could construct a grand poem—"De Rerum Natura," and that the genius of Virgil could be suitably employed on the "Georgics;" "rural sights and sounds" continuing to exert those imaginative influences to the days of Cowper and Grahame which they did in the patriarchal ages, when Isaac went forth to ruminate at eventide, and which they will never cease to exert while human nature preserves its present constitution. Any subject may be invested with a poetical interest; although that interest is not inherent in the thing itself, or the associations immediately connecting themselves with it. Garth's "Dispensary," and Armstrong's "Art of Preserving Health," as well as the Eclogues of Sannazarius and the Nurse of Roscoe, are essentially and intrinsically prosaic. That these writers

have sprinkled a poetical garnish over them, alters not the case. A sheep's head will not be transformed into a deer's head, even by the addition of antlers.

Of Utilitarianism, as applied to poetry, we have no liking. What end could be gained by describing in verse the machinery of a cotton-mill, or the improvements on the steam-engine? If Dr. Darwin intended to excite pleasurable feelings in his readers, he might have unquestionably chosen a more appropriate subject. If instruction was his aim, he could have attained it far more commodiously in prose. We are told, indeed, that "it is the design of the Botanic Garden to enlist imagination under the banners of science, and to lead her votaries from the looser analogies that dress out the imagery of poetry, to the stricter ones which form the ratiocinations of philosophy." But the great end of poetry is here forgotten; we look on and are dazzled; but we have none of those emotions which either entrance the "lapt soul in Elysium," or awaken "thoughts that lie too deep for tears." The Loves of the Plants are wholly different from the Metamorphoses of Ovid; because in the latter the transmutation is merely a secondary object, both in the eyes of the poet and the estimation of the reader. Since the hero or heroine falls off from all intellectual grandeur, and ceases utterly to excite all moral sympathy, we are wholly indifferent, as the absurdity of transformation must take place into what it may be—an animal, or a stone, or a flower. Swift and Prior have admirably travestied some of these stories; and in the Baucis and Philemon the former has, with great *naïveté*, adapted the classic fable to rural English manners, and turned his hospitable pair into yew trees.

Description would but tire my muse;
In short, they both were turn'd to yews.
Old Goodman Dobson of the green
Remembers, he the trees has seen;
He'll talk of them from morn till night,
And goes with folks to show the sight;
On Sundays, after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either yew;

Here Baucis, there Philemon grew;
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn cut Baucis down:
At which 'tis hard to be believed
How much the other tree was grieved,
Grew scrubbed, died a-top, was stunted,
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

Ovid, indeed, tells us that when Ajax stabbed himself, his blood was turned into the violet. But this is only the supernatural winding up of a scene of human passion, full of nature and feeling. He has previously introduced us to the two great leaders, who contend before the assembled chiefs for "the seven-fold shield." We are taught to listen to the applause shouts of the soldiery, and to have our hearts touched with the eloquence of the champions, as either in turn recounts the services he has rendered to his country, and his "hair-breadth 'scapes by flood and field."

In proof of our allegations of the intrinsic unfitnes for poetical delineations of many of the subjects seized on by the Darwinian and Della Cruscan schools, we quote a specimen from the *chef d'œuvre*, the Botanic Garden.

Nymphs! you disjoin, unite, condense, expand,
And give new wonders to the chemist's hand;
On tepid clouds of rising steam aspire,
And fix in sulphur all its solid fire;
With boundless string elastic airs unfold,
Or fill the fine vacuities of gold;
With sudden flash vitrescent sparks reveal,
By fierce collision from the flint and steel;
Or mark with shining letters Kunkel's name
In the pale phosphor's self-consuming flame.
So the chaste heart of some enchanted maid
Shines with insidious light, by love betray'd.
Round her pale bosom plays the young desire,
And slow she wastes by self-consuming fire.

Here is science united to poetry with a vengeance! Now, we maintain that the passage has no title to the latter appellation, save from the simile conveyed by the last four lines,—which carries us back from art to images of natural beauty.

The parts of Darwin's writings worthy of admiration (and the finest portions are well worthy of it) are, without an exception that strikes us, only those passages that are subsidiary to the main object of the poem, and introduced by way of apostrophe or illustration. We do not think of the *Digitalis Purpurea*, but of philanthro-

py and Howard; we do not think of the embryo seeds, but of Herschel and the starry firmament; not of the carline thistle, but of the ascent of Montgolfier; not of the Orchis, but of Eliza and the battle of Minden; and not of the vegetable poisons, but of the desolation of Palmyra.

As the chief excellence of dramatic representation is exhibited in "suiting the action to the word," so the converse holds true with poetry, whose principal extrinsic excellence consists in "suiting the word to the action." This axiom is, however, by the Darwinian school, wholly overlooked. Subjects that are naturally low, or hopelessly prosaic, are artificially exalted, stilted into eminence, and loaded with epithet and embellishment; indeed, whether weighty or trivial, interesting or repulsive, they are clothed by the same unsparing hand in the most gaudy and gorgeous coloring, without respect of persons, or discrimination of subject. If a beggar were to be introduced, it would be in a tattered lace coat, and on horseback; and if "a slaughterer of horned cattle," he would go through his operations in high style, and make a speech after the fashion of Mark Anthony's over Caesar. As is too frequently the case with what are technically denominated fine singers, the sense is made wholly subservient to the sound. There is no great solicitation about your being acquainted with the tenor of the sentiment, provided you can be charmed with the melody of the tones.

Everything is overloaded with ornament; and where you expect to find internal beauty, you too frequently discover that it is merely the dazzling glitter of the drapery. When a Grecian matron is brought before you, instead of beholding the robes of snowy white, and the elegance of simplicity, you have her cheeks bedaubed with rouge, her ringlets filleted with embroidered ribbon, a golden cincture about her waist, and a scarf of purple thrown over her shoulders. You expect to find the dignified majesty and serene countenance of Minerva, and you are introduced to the luxurious court of the queen of Paphos. In fact, you are invited to a mere scenic exhibition, a panorama of picturesque and fanciful objects, where you have the soft and the rugged, the bay of Naples and Loch Lomond by moonlight, alternating with the Devil's Bridge and the Vale of Chamouni.

In all the greater poets, the "*lunea inter minores ignes*," fancy and feeling, are found combined; and although all

The shows

Of hill and valley they have view'd;
Yet impulses of deeper birth
Have come to them in solitude.

They have looked on the outward features of Nature—the beauties of the external world—with a gifted and a gladdened eye; but that has not prevented them from penetrating into the secrets of the inner man, and from anatomising the phenomena of psychology.

THE MONK AND THE MILLER'S WIFE.

A LEGEND OF DUDDINGSTONE.

TOWARDS evening on the day preceding the feast of Saint Lazarus, in the year 1450, a young Dominican Friar, belonging to the convent of that community, then situated on the spot where long afterwards the High School of Edinburgh was erected, might have been seen issuing from the wicket gate in the eastern walk of the Convent garden, and descending slowly

by Saint John's Hill—so called from its belonging in property to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem—to the valley which lies between the Abbey of the Holyrood and the mountain of Arthur's Seat. Brother Ambrose (such was the Black Friar's appellation) was the youngest of the community, and, if the citizens' wives and daughters of that day might be ac-

counted competent judges, was also the handsomest and most comely featured of his brethren. To these qualifications, he added great fluency of speech, and no small skill in rhetoric; and it is not therefore to be wondered at, that in the all-essential power of extracting from the pockets of the laity the coins requisite to supply the wants or luxuries of his brethren, he stood "proudly pre-eminent." He was indeed the most successful mendicant that the Convent of the Blackfriars had yet been blessed with; the liberal hand of youth and native generosity not only opening wide to his appeal, but the slowly unclosing fingers of rigid avarice yielding to the pressure of his earnest eloquence. His success in the pulpit was equally great: He detailed so graphically and so powerfully the ever-during charms of the heaven, which was so certain to throw wide its golden gates to all who gave; and the nauseous and terrific torments of the purgatory, which as surely yawned for all who refused their mite; that between the selfish hopes and fears of his auditors, the collection was always liberal, and far exceeding what any other preacher of his own, or of the rival orders, could produce. His services in this department of religion were greatly in request; many neighboring priests and curates applying to his superior or himself, when they wished to raise a few extra groats from the purses of their parishioners. In this way, also, he was profitable to his Convent, it being an understood rule on such occasions, that a certain per centage on the sum collected is to be allowed to him by whose skill the harvest has been reaped. In the exercise of this double occupation of begging and of preaching—if, indeed, they should not be considered as mere varieties of the same species—our friend Ambrose was of course much from home, and coming more in contact with the inhabitants of the world than is usual with men of his profession, he was, for a friar, uncommonly *debonair* and accomplished.

Sorry are we to say, however, that politeness of manner and suavity of expression, were not the whole which his extended intercourse with the world had taught our young Dominican. He imbibed and gratified these two tastes, sadly at variance with the vows of self-mortification, with which he had consigned himself to the cloister. He loved wine better than water, and sometimes looked with an unholy eye on those beauties of face or form, which matrons, maids, and widows, doubtless in entire ignorance of the mischiefs they produced, unguardedly displayed before him.

But Brother Ambrose, though he lived an hundred years before the days of the Jesuits, was no stranger to their favorite adage—*si non caste tamen caute*; and if he did occasionally quaff a stoup or two of claret extra, its fume was never felt in the refectory; nor had the fervor of his good wishes for the kind-hearted dames and damsels of the vicinity been productive, hitherto, of any inconvenient consequences to himself or the chaste community to which he belonged. The adventure on which he was now setting out was however destined to hazard all the well-won reputation of his life.

Among the many dames of Edinburgh, who had placed themselves under his spiritual direction, was a certain matron, somewhat advanced in years, who contrived to support herself and only daughter, by vending, in a small crib in the Luckenbooths, some of the inferior materials of feminine attire, with their minor appurtenances, pearlyings, eddings, tapes, &c. Marion Geddes, who assisted her mother in the disposal of these little wares, would have had no pretensions to beauty in the opinion of those who consider dignity of expression, or faultless regularity of features, essential to female loveliness; but her sparkling black eyes, dimpled cheeks, and laughing lips, lent her a charm, which, if it did not invest her with so legitimate a claim to admiration as unquestioned beauty might

have done, produced an effect at least as *piquante* and bewitching. Nor was she defective in the more silent or less seducing attractions of figure. Hers was not indeed the sylph-like form, which seems to shiver before the breeze, even of summer, awakening our fear commensurately with our admiration. It would have served better for a model of Pallas, than of Hebe, no doubt, but then it was moulded in that graceful fullness which, while it took from it everything approaching to coarseness, left that elasticity and swelling contour, which, when perfect, is the supremacy of female form.

Her charms were greatly heightened by the liveliness of her temper, and the ineffable good humor which ever lightened up her countenance. To these she added a play of wit, the effects of which were sometimes keenly felt by her companions, and she not unfrequently indulged in sly strokes of satire, which made even the reverend friar wince.

With these claims to his admiration, Marion speedily excited a still warmer feeling in the bosom of Brother Ambrose, and this tender secret he proceeded to communicate to her with all the delicacy and tact he could. The good humored girl at first laughed at his advances, and enjoyed the ridiculous situations into which his love on some occasions threw his gravity. By degrees, however, the affair seemed to excite less and less merriment in her, while her bitter remarks on hypocrisy and villany became more and more poignant and personal;—until, at length, she totally put an end to the joke, by coolly informing the Friar of her approaching marriage with young Robin Marshall, a jolly miller, at Easter Duddingstone, and bespeaking him to perform the marriage ceremony.

Whether the friar felt, in common with most of mankind, the value of the treasure he sought increased by its having passed into the possession of another, or was piqued at being baffled by a simple girl, or had some

other unworthy hope of obtaining from the wife the grace which he had in vain entreated from the maiden, we cannot tell. Certain it is, that he was most assiduous in his visits to Robin Marshall's dwelling, where, from the sprightliness of his conversation, and the frankness of his demeanor, he soon became an especial favorite with the unsuspecting landlord, who never failed to set before him the best his house afforded. In proportion, however, as he gained the good will of the miller, he lost that of his wife. The face that smiled on every one else wore an unrelenting frown for him; and the song or merry tale with which she was wont to gladden her hearers, he was never permitted to listen to; and, in short, if cold looks and cross speeches could have deterred the reverend brother from his visits, he had the handsomest excuse in the world for relinquishing them. Instead of this, however, Marion's repulsive behavior operated upon his passion as water was said to do upon Greek fire, and his addresses became every day more importunate.

One day—the day before that on which we have introduced him to our gentle readers—he was gladdened by the intelligence that Robin had joined the standard of his chief, the Hamilton, in a warlike excursion into England, and would, consequently, be some time absent from the mill. He lost no time in proceeding thither, and found to his delight that this information was correct. The miller had departed, and his wife might prove kinder in his absence than she had been while under his eye. To his surprise, no less than his joy, his hope proved correct; for, after one bitter and contemptuous frown had passed from her brow, Marion became somewhat more tractable than he had hitherto found her, listened with increasing complacency to his protestations and entreaties, and finally agreed that he should visit her the following evening, dismissing him with a hope that made his heart thrill with anticipated rapture.

To outward appearance, Brother Ambrose, as he paced along in his white woollen tunic fastened round the waist with a thong, the upper part of his body covered by his long black woollen cowl, and his features shaded and almost hid by his hood of the same material, was a model of poverty and self-denial; but the opinion of those who met and craved his blessing would have been sadly changed, could they have perceived the goodly flask of wine which he carried in his bosom, or read the emotions of his throbbing heart.

At length he surmounted and descended the eastern side of the hill named after Saint Anthony, and entered the miller's house, which, as we have already said, stood in Easter Duddingstone. By this time the sun had set. He was received by the miller's wife with great apparent kindness, and though a momentary suspicion ran across his mind that her good humor was rather overacted, the sight of a good supper which she had provided for him completely and instantly removed all apprehension. He produced from its dark repository the generous wine which was to crown the feast; and having, as he fondly imagined, at length reached the goal of happiness he had panted for so long, gave himself up to mirth and jollity.

Speedily was he awakened from his foolish dream. He had already laid aside his cowl and hood, and was preparing to exchange his claustral garments for some of a more becoming fashion which he had brought with him, when he thought he could distinguish the trampling of horses at the door of the house. While he listened in alarm to this sound, the noise of voices loud in altercation reached the apartment where he was. One of the speakers was undoubtedly the miller's wife, and from the deprecatory style of her discourse, and the loud and angry tones of her companion, who seemed anxious to enter the room, he had no doubt that it was her husband to whom she spoke. Here was a dilemma! The smoking supper—the

sparkling wine—his own disordered apparel—these united would awaken the suspicions of the dullest brain, and if detected, his reputation was ruined irrecoverably. He looked wildly round for some place of concealment, and a large meal chest or *gurnal* immediately caught his eye. He found it open, and as he thought empty, and in an evil moment threw himself into it. He had scarcely done so, when he heard the door of the apartment open, and the noise of several feet advancing on the floor. In a moment afterwards the key of the chest was turned in the lock, and he was made at once aware of the trap into which he had fallen by hearing Marion exclaim, in a tone of triumph, "So the rat is fairly caged at length!"

In his rage Ambrose tried every effort to escape from his inglorious bondage, but in vain. His feet and hands were, in his present position, of little use to him, and he strained his back to no purpose in endeavoring to force up the lid of the chest. The only effect of the motion he made was to raise about him the meal with which the bottom of the chest was covered, in such quantities as to threaten him with suffocation. After several ineffectual attempts, therefore, he lay motionless, groaning in the extremity of his rage and vexation. His sufferings were rendered still more poignant as he listened to the loud, and as it were choral laugh which broke on his ear, at every futile effort at escape he made. He addressed Marion and her two maidens—whose voices he had recognised—by turns, now threatening them with excommunication and eternal reprobation, and now promising them countless masses and endless indulgences. All was to no purpose, however. The merciless miller's wife coolly told him that she and her maidens were now about to sup on the good cheer which he had seen, that they would not forget to drink his health in his own wine, and that he might say grace if he had a mind. Gnashing his teeth at these cruel gibes, the luckless Friar was

constrained by sad necessity to lie motionless, and be convinced by accurate proof that they were as true as they were bitter. He could distinctly hear the operations of the knife and of the teeth on the pleasant food which he had fondly imagined was destined for his own palate; and true to her word, both mistress and maidens, as they quaffed his beloved claret, drank with many a bitter jest to the health of the captive Friar.

At length the conversation was carried on in a somewhat lower tone, and Ambrose could catch only a few disjointed words—such as “villain—despatch—dispose of him—never be discovered,” &c. Convinced that these ominous words could refer to him alone, the poor Friar became all ear; and whether from his quickened sense, or that the conversation became accidentally louder, he was now able distinctly to hear what passed. “By my haledame, mistress,” said one of the servants, “my rede is this—let us carry the ill-farred carcase o’ him, kist and a’, to the loch. In wi’m, I say, I’s e warrant he’ll sink to the bod-dum. If no, we can easy wecht it wi’ a wheen stanes. He’ll ne’er be heard o’ mair, and deel ane will ever miss him.”

The agony of Ambrose, as he listened to this concise plan of drowning him in Duddingstone loch, may be imagined. It did not prevent him, however, from hearing another advice which his cruel mistress received.—“Haith, Mistress, the loch’s ower far aff, and besides that, drowning’s a kittle wark, and a troublesome. Na, na, my advice is just this,—let’s haul the ginel down to the kill—heap it weel ower wi’ peats, and quietly set fire til’t. By Saint Bride, baith them and him ’ll be burnt till a cinder lang or morning, and sorrow a ane the wiser o’t.”

It may well be believed that the Friar strained every ear he had to ascertain from the discourse of the miller’s wife, who spoke next, how these truculent advices pleased her. But, eager as he was, he could not accomplish this. Her voice sank to a

whisper as she replied to her companions, and the unhappy Ambrose was left to horrible conjectures as to which of the elements was destined to be his executioners, if indeed some death more terrible still had not been resolved on.

In the extremity of his agony, he essayed to address them, and beseech their mercy; but alas! the tongue, whose flattering solicitations had betrayed him into his present unhappy situation, now refused to lend its aid to his extrication. In vain he attempted to cry out—not a sound could he utter; and like one fettered in the embraces of the night-mare, poor Ambrose, while perfectly sensible of all that passed around him, was unable to raise his tongue, his only weapon, in his own defence.

At length the carousers arose and left the apartment, but not before he could distinctly hear the miller’s wife whisper to her maidens,—“Now’s the time, lasses—let’s bring him.”

Contrary to the fears of the Friar, who expected nothing else but the immediate return of some merciless murderer, and the winding up of his dreadful catastrophe, he was left for a considerable period in darkness and solitude,—the only sounds which reached him being the skirmishing of the rats, and an occasional onslaught committed on them by the wakeful cat. How long he lay he had no means of judging; but, to his terror-haunted imagination, the time seemed a week. The tortures of suspense are proverbial; and, assuredly, no one ever *dreed* them in more unmingled bitterness than Brother Ambrose. He was to fall, helpless and unheard, a victim to the vengeance of an offended woman, and, like a caged rat, had not even a choice of deaths.

At length footsteps approached him, and by the motion which immediately followed, the unfortunate Dominican became aware that he was about to be removed, whither he knew not, although he might fearfully conjecture. As those who lifted him began to move, he heard the voice of the mill-

er's wife in a tone of bitter irony—"I'm no just even wi' ye yet, Master Friar, but I daurna keep ye langer at present; ye ken ye're trysted to preach at Duddingstone kirk the day. I'll e'en send you there, and wish you an easy delivery, and a dainty ingathering."

Though relieved by these words from the terror of immediate death, and taught that open disgrace, rather than corporeal torture, was his allotted punishment, Ambrose thought them the harshest he had ever listened to. That a crowded church, and one too which had been the scene of many a former triumph, should be selected as the spot where his utter degradation was to be completed, was an idea perfectly insupportable, much more so than that of perpetual imprisonment, or the severest penances of the convent. In vain did he turn the future over and over in his mind: there was not one clear spot in the dark picture, not the slightest fissure in the pall which covered him—through which a ray of hope might reach him; and in the depth of his mortification, the poor wretch stretched himself out at full length, and prayed that he might die.

His bearers, after occasionally resting, at length set him down, and he heard the one whispering to the other, "Go you and see if the mass be sung out!" The last chance alone was now left him, and addressing himself to his conductor, and in as coaxing a tone as possible, he proffered him large rewards not only of heavenly blessings, but of the more immediate riches represented by the king's coin, if he would allow him to escape. To all his expostulations, however, the person addressed turned a deaf ear, and his companion having now returned and reported that the service was over, and the people anxiously expecting the preacher, his wooden domicile was again lifted from the ground, and, as he rightly conjectured, introduced to the interior of the church. He heard the voices of some who seemed to remonstrate against

what they would doubtless think an irreverent proceeding; but the ready answer, "We bring it here by order of Friar Ambrose, who is to preach," instantly silenced the murmurers; and the Dominican had the mortification to hear (as many a man has done since) his own authority quoted against himself. He was now again deposited on the ground, and instantly he heard the key turned in the lock, and some one whispering, "Now's your time, father, the people are getting impatient."

"Holy Dominic," ejaculated the despairing friar, "inspire and save me, not for my own sake, but thy blessed order's, of which I am an unworthy son."

It is certain that the Saints were of a much more yielding disposition in the pious days of which we write than now; when, greatly offended by the incredulity with which their saving abilities, and the irreverence with which their personal habits, are regarded, they are with difficulty prevailed on to perform for one the most trifling service. The Dominican, besides, had many claims to the good offices of the founder of his order. Be that as it may, the prayer had hardly left his lips, when a thought flashed upon his mind, which made his heart beat high with hope. Suddenly flinging up the lid of the chest, and standing upright in it, he surveyed the startled congregation, who, accustomed as they were to the scenic displays of monkish preaching, were totally unprepared for so violent an appeal to their senses. The women and children shrieked, and even the men trembled and looked pale. To say truth, the friar was a ghastly figure, as he stood half naked, and whitened with the meal amongst which he had lain so long. Waving his hand, and motioning his audience to be tranquil, he thus addressed them: "Behold, my brethren, a lively portraiture of the blessed Saint, whose mass ye have just been singing. Such as I appear to you, so pale, so cold, so naked, did Lazarus arise from the

tomb. The Church has, in all ages, endeavored to strengthen the faith of true believers by visible representations of the thing believed. Hence are your altars and churches clad with likenesses of saints and martyrs ; hence the mournful effigies which surmount the fiend-subduing crucifix. I, humbly following so great exemplars, and wishing to excite in you a lively belief in the stupendous miracle which we are this day met to celebrate, have subjected myself to many inconveniences in order to depict to your natural eye, that which I will proceed to describe to your ear, for your contrition and your comfort."

Having delivered himself of this exordium, to the evident delight and admiration of his hearers, the friar proceeded with his discourse, of which, we regret to say, no further details have reached us. It was, however, elegant and impressive, and at its conclusion his labor was re-

warded by very liberal donations. The parish priest, pressing his hand in gratitude for his kind assistance, confessed that the idea of the chest was a masterly one, and beautifully executed ; and, in short, through the aid of Saint Dominic and his own wit, Brother Ambrose was extricated from the depth of degradation, and ushered—as a lawyer would say, *in integrum*—to the high and palmy reputation which he had so long enjoyed. There was, indeed, one fear left to trouble him. His secret was known to Marion and her servants. But he was soon relieved from any apprehension on this score. She sent him notice that if he chose to keep his own secret, it should be safe with her and hers. She kept her word. Ambrose never heard from friend or enemy the slightest allusion to his past folly, although from that hour, until the one in which he died, the *Monk* never forgot *The Miller's Wife*.

THE GATHERER.

"Fruit of all kinds, in coat
Rough or smooth rind, or bearded husk or shell,
I gather."

A NICE POINT OF HONOR.

THERE happened a few weeks ago to be an election meeting in the country (I forget exactly where), at which the rustic politicians speechified with great violence, so much so as to attract the attention of the London newspapers, one of which published a lampoon upon the meeting, ridiculing especially a Mr. Jones, who appeared the most violent orator in it. Now Jones being a fiery and ambitious spirit, was enraged almost to madness at finding himself and his speech gibbeted to the public derision, and determined in his indignation to find out his satirist. Accordingly he wrote to the editor, who would give him no information ; he then came up to town (so infuriated was he), and being upon inquiry told, I suppose, that Sir Nathaniel Callaghan was the author of every witty and severe thing that

came out, he hastened to the residence of our friend, and asked him, point-blank, if he was the author of such a pasquinade in such a newspaper ? Nat, who had read and admired the lampoon, could not resist this tempting opportunity, and replied, that he must beg to be excused answering the question ; which Jones understanding, of course, to be an admission, immediately poured forth upon him a tremendous volley of abuse, which he accompanied by a short, but vigorous application of his material, in retaliation of Callaghan's supposed moral scourge. Having done which, he flung out of the house, leaving its owner as you may suppose astounded. When he recovered his self-possession, he of course began to consider what was to be done. He had been abused and thrashed, under very peculiar and perplexing circum-

stances. His assailant was, unfortunately, not a gentleman, and therefore could not be pistoled. To bring an action of battery would not be a satisfactory proceeding. How, then, was the insult to be avenged? Irishmen are the special pleaders of the law of honor, and our friend was involving himself in all the subtleties of that code, in order to come at a form of procedure, and to collect all the precedents with which he was acquainted, which should meet the circumstances of the case. But after thinking all day upon the subject, he found his brain completely bothered, without being ever the nearer the object of his inquiry: so that there was a strong probability that he would be obliged to pocket his thrashing, from being unable to find any decision upon the singular point which he wished to elucidate. Next day, however, he was revisited by Mr. Jones, who came to make a thousand apologies for the outrage which he had offered him, and which was not intended for him, inasmuch as he had since discovered the real claimant in the author of the lampoon. "Sir, answered Nat, you have relieved me from much embarrassment: ever since I received the favor which you allude to, I have been studying how to acquit myself of the obligation; but as I find the thing was a mistake, and not intended for me, my course is clear, namely, to return it to you." And accordingly he gave the fellow a sound drubbing.—*Sydenham, or the Man of the World.*

DESCRIPTION OF THE PROTEUS.

At first view you might suppose this animal to be a lizard, but it has the motions of a fish. Its head, and the lower part of its body, and its tail, bear a strong resemblance to the eel; but it has no fins, and its curious bronchial organs are not like the gills of fishes: they form a singular vascular structure, as you see, almost like a crest, round the throat, which may be removed without occasioning the death of the animal, who is likewise furnished with lungs. With this dou-

ble apparatus for supplying air to the blood, it can live either below or above the surface of the water. Its fore feet resemble hands, but they have only three claws or fingers, and are too feeble to be of use in grasping or supporting the weight of the animal; the hinder feet have only two claws or toes, and in the larger specimens are found so imperfect as to be almost obliterated. It has small points in place of eyes, as if to preserve the analogy of nature. It is of a fleshy whiteness and transparency in its natural state; but when exposed to light, its skin gradually becomes darker, and at last gains an olive tint. Its nasal organs appear large, and it is abundantly furnished with teeth; from which it may be concluded that it is an animal of prey. Yet in its confined state it has never been known to eat; and it has been kept alive for many years, by occasionally changing the water in which it was placed. It adds one instance more to the number already known of the wonderful manner in which life is produced and perpetuated in every part of our globe—even in places which seem the least suited to organized existences; and the same infinite power and wisdom which has fitted the camel and the ostrich for the deserts of Africa—the swallow, that secrets its own nest, for the caves of Java—the whale for the polar seas—and the morse and white bear for the arctic ice—has given the proteus to the deep and dark subterraneous lakes of Illyria—an animal to whom the presence of light is not essential, and who can live indifferently in air and in water—on the surface of the rock, or in the depths of the mud.

FOOTE'S OSTENTATION.

In giving sumptuous dinners to the first society in Edinburgh, Foote's mode of preparing for these entertainments was a strange kind of satire, by contrast, upon "Scotch economy." While Foote remained there, he papered up the curls of his wig, every night before he went to bed, with the One Pound Notes of Scotland, to show

his contempt for promissory paper of so little value, which was not then in English circulation; and when his cook attended him, next morning, for orders—not orders for the play, but orders for dinner—he unrolled the curls on each side of his head, gave her the One Pound Notes to purchase provisions, *ad libitum*, and then sent her to market in a sedan chair. Even in England Foote was ostentatious, and vulgarly fine, before his guests. It was his custom, at his own table, as soon as the cloth was removed, to ask—"Does anybody drink Port?"—If the unanimous answer happened to be "no," he always called out to the servants in waiting—"take away the ink."

WEST, THE PAINTER, AT ROME.

When it was known that a young American had come to study Raphael and Michael Angelo, some curiosity was excited among the Roman virtuosi. The first fortunate exhibitor of this Lion from the western wilderness was Lord Grantham: he invited West to dinner, and afterwards carried him to an evening party, where he found almost all those persons to whom he had brought letters of introduction. Amongst the rest was Cardinal Albani, who, though old and blind, had such delicacy of touch, that he was considered supreme in all matters of judgment regarding medals and intaglios. "I have the honor," said Lord Grantham, "to present a young American, who has a letter for your Eminence, and who has come to Italy for the purpose of studying the Fine Arts." The Cardinal knew so little of the New World, that he conceived a young American must needs be a savage. "Is he black or white?" said the aged virtuosi, holding out both hands, that he might have the satisfaction of touching at least this new wonder. Lord Grantham smiled, and said, "he is fair—very fair." "What! as fair as I am?" exclaimed the prelate. Now the complexion of this churchman was a deep olive—that of West more than commonly fair—and as they stood together the company

smiled. "As fair as the Cardinal" became for awhile proverbial.

Others, who had the use of their eyes, seemed to consider the young American as at most a better kind of savage; and, accordingly, were curious to watch him. They wished to try what effect the Apollo, the Venus, and the works of Raphael, would have upon him, and thirty of the most magnificent equipages in the capital of Christendom, and filled with some of the most erudite characters in Europe, conducted the young Quaker to view the masterpieces of art. It was agreed that the Apollo should be the first submitted to his view. The statue was enclosed in a case, and when the keeper threw open the doors, West unconsciously exclaimed, "My God! A young Mohawk warrior!" The Italians were surprised and mortified with the comparison of their noblest statue to a wild savage; and West perceiving the unfavorable impression, proceeded to remove it. He described the Mohawks—the natural elegance and admirable symmetry of their persons—the elasticity of their limbs, and their motions free and unconstrained. "I have seen them often," he continued, "standing in the very attitude of this Apollo, and pursuing, with an intense eye, the arrow which they had just discharged from the bow." The Italians cleared their moody brows, and allowed that a better criticism had rarely been pronounced. West was no longer a barbarian.

THUMPING WON'T MAKE A GENTLEMAN.

Two eminent members of the Irish bar, Messrs. Doyle and Yelverton, quarreled some years ago, so violently, that from words they came to blows. Doyle, the more powerful man (at the fists at least), knocked down his adversary twice, exclaiming with vehemence, "you scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman." To which Yelverton, rising, answered with equal indignation, "No, sir, never; I defy you, I defy you! you can't do it!"

CHINESE CANAL.

A canal was opened in 1825 to the west of Sargan, in Cochin China, which connected that town with a branch of the river Cambodja. Its length was twenty-three miles, its width eighty feet, and its depth twelve feet. This canal was begun and finished in six weeks, although it had to be carried through large forests and over extensive marshes: twenty thousand men were at work upon it day and night, and it is said seven thousand died of fatigue. The sides of the canal were soon covered with palm trees, for the cultivation of which the Chinese pursue a particular method.

WRITING FOR THE STAGE.

People would be astonished if they were aware of the cart-loads of trash which are annually offered to the director of a London Theatre. The very first manuscript (says George Colman) which was proposed to me for representation, on my undertaking theatrical management, was from a nautical gentleman, on a nautical subject. The piece was of a tragical description, and in five acts; during the principal scenes of which the Hero of the Drama declaimed from the mast-head of a man-of-war, without once descending from his position!

MENTAL MEDICINE.

It is well known that the imagination has frequently been operated upon advantageously in cases of bodily disease. Among numerous instances of the kind, the success in England, in the year 1688, of an Irishman of the name of Greatrick; and in Germany, in the year 1766, of a curé of the name of Gassner, are two of the most striking. To these may be added the salutary delusions of which Prince Hohenlohe was no doubt occasionally the author. The town of Nantes has been kept in a state of excitement during the last year, by the active practice in this way of a fair Swedenborgian, of the name of Madame de Saint-Amour; the fervency of whose prayers has been very effica-

cious in various cases, in which the patients have previously entertained a strong faith in their efficacy. This is evidently the whole secret of the wonder. It is one of the very few advantages of superstition.

TO PRESERVE STEEL FROM RUST.

Take some melted virgin wax, and rub it over the article to be preserved. When dry, warm the article again, so as to get off the wax, and rub with a dry cloth until the former polish is restored. By this means all the pores of the metal are filled up, without injury to the appearance, and rust will not attack it unless it is very carelessly exposed to constant humidity.

CUBA.

The white population of Cuba is estimated at 259,267 persons; the free blacks at 154,057; the slaves at 225,131; giving a total of 638,455.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Works in Preparation.—The Last Days of Bishop Heber. By Rev. Thomas Robinson, A.M., Archdeacon of Madras, and late Domestic Chaplain to his Lordship.—A complete History of the Jews in Ancient and Modern Times, in 3 vols. 8vo. By the Rev. Geo. Croly.—A New Volume of Country Stories. By Miss Mitford, author of "Our Village," &c.—Steamers *versus* Stages; or, Andrew and his Spouse. A Poem. Six Engravings on Wood, from Designs by Cruikshank.—Theological Meditations. By a Sea Officer.—The Life of Petrarch, for Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia. By Thomas Moore.—Tales of the Colonies, from the pen of W. Howison, Esq. the well-known author of "Sketches of Canada."

New Works.—The Life of Herman Cortes.—The Reminiscences of Henry Angelo, Vol. II.—An Exposure of the Causes of the present Deteriorated Condition of Health, and Diminished Duration of Human Life, compared with that which is attainable by Nature. By J. Pinney, Esq.—Notices respecting Drunkenness, and of the various Means which have been employed in different Countries for restraining the progress of this Evil. By a Medical Practitioner.—On the Extent and Remedy of National Intemperance. By John Dunlop, Esq.—Consolations in Travel, or the Last Days of a Philosopher. By Sir Humphry Davy.—Sydenham, or Memoirs of a Man of the World.—The Lost Heir, and the Prediction.